

# The Gateway

The University of Alberta Students' Newspaper Since 1910

Tuesday October 30, 1990

## Transit station move criticized

by Gil McGowan

The University should return the campus bus terminal to its old location in front of the Dentistry-Pharmacy building once LRT construction has been completed.

That was the message delivered to U of A administrators by the staff and student representatives who attended an informal meeting on transit issues last week.

The meeting was organized by the University's department of Planning and Development and was intended to act as a forum for members of the University community who wanted to discuss general transportation issues.

"The purpose of the meeting was not to decide where the bus route should be. The purpose was to develop criteria for the extension of an effective transit system on campus," said Elizabeth Dechert from the Planning and Development department.

Despite Dechert's attempt to encourage a generalized discussion of transportation issues, most of the people who attended the meeting wanted to talk about one thing — the University's proposal to move the bus stop away from its old location on 89th avenue.

The plan came to light last August when the U of A's vp facilities, Don Bellow, wrote a letter to the City of Edmonton's transportation department sug-

gesting that the bus stop be relocated.

In that letter, Bellow argued that by keeping the bus-loop away from the heart of campus the University would be better able to deal with pedestrian and pollution problems. He also argued that it would be aesthetically pleasing to have a green space where the bus stop used to be.

Despite these arguments, the representatives who attended the discussion meeting flatly rejected Bellow's proposal.

"I don't buy the arguments put forward by the University that the 89th avenue location poses a pollution problem or that it is a hazard to pedestrians," said Civil Engineering professor J. Bakker.

Bakker was so dissatisfied with the administration's plan that he introduced a motion demanding that the bus stop be returned to 89th avenue after LRT construction has been completed. The motion received almost unanimous support from the assembled representatives — it passed 16 to 1.

Speaking in favour of the motion, Graduate Student Association president Stephen Downes argued that it would make no sense for the University to move the bus stop away from the LRT station that is being built on 89th avenue.

"By putting the buses three or

TRANSIT p.2



Ron Sears

The Los Angeles Lakers beat the New Jersey Nets Saturday night at Northlands, 92-78.

## Garneau closes doors

by Barbara Beck

Almost 50 years to the day after its debut performance, the Garneau theatre will be closing its doors to movie buffs forever.

The theatre, which celebrated its grand opening on October 24, 1940, will be going the way of the dinosaur sometime within the next six months as the result of changes that the theatre business has been experiencing within the last several years.

"The way the business has been going is toward large complexes," said Jill Howard, spokesperson for Famous Players Theatres. "The closing might surprise you, but it doesn't surprise us."

Closures of one screen movie theatres has been a trend lately, and the old fashioned "moving picture house" has given way to high-tech multiplex-style buildings. These one screen theatres are being closed for financial reasons.

"In a multiplex, you can put it into a smaller seating capacity, and we don't have to sacrifice the large screen experience," Howard said.

Famous players is not able to speculate on what the future of the building is. When they leave, however, they will be taking the theatre equipment and fixtures with them.

"Normally when we leave a building, we will take everything that belongs to us," said Howard. "I don't know what the plans for the theatre are."

Famous Players leases the Garneau Theatre building from Suburban Holdings Limited, and the lease is now up. Jack McLean, the attorney representing the company, is not able to comment on any future plans the company might have for the building.

"I'm not at liberty to say what the plans are without the company's permission," he said. A representative for Suburban Holdings Limited was out of the country, and could not be reached for comment.

The Old Strathcona Foundation was also unable to offer any comments regarding the theatre closure.

"(The theatre) falls outside the boundaries of the Old Strathcona Foundation," said a spokesperson for the foundation. "We have an awful lot on our plate right now."

An informal survey of moviegoers at the theatre last week revealed an attitude that was far from apathetic.

"I am really going to miss this theatre," said Robin Willis, a local resident. "It is so close to home, and it is like going to

movies in the good old days, before they moved the theatres to the outskirts of the city, and they became so flashy."

U of A student Jason Brooks agreed. "I like this theatre because I can walk here. I don't have to worry about taking three buses, and I like the ambience. I'll be sorry to see it go."

The exact date of the theatre closure is uncertain at this point. All that is being revealed is that it will be within the next six months. So if you happen to be a fan of 50-year-old, one-screen "moving picture houses," you should pay the Garneau theatre a final visit soon. The next time you're in the mood for a movie, it may be closed.

## Uncertain fate for SU Records

by Lee Craig

Students' Union Records is facing an uncertain fate until a report regarding alternatives for the store is unveiled in the SU's November 8 council meeting.

Uncertainty over the store's future has existed for the last several years, as the Students' Union has questioned whether it could afford to keep the store because it has failed to break even. Students' Union Records lost \$85 000 last year, with a projected loss of \$60 000 for 1990-91.

Tom Lancaster, the SU's general manager, has been working with Taras Ostashevsky, manager of SU records, on a proposal to turn the store around.

The SU Finance Committee met last Friday to discuss a draft of this proposal, as the SU ex-

ecutive was required by the SU to have a resolution by the end of October regarding the record store.

"Right now we're evaluating the information we've received to see if the business is viable," said Marc Dumouchel, vp internal. Dumouchel denied that the store is being sold, stressing the SU executive is looking at all its options.

Michael Aherne, vp finance, said of the proposal that it may reduce the deficit to \$40 000 next year if action is taken now.

However, according to Aherne other options do exist.

"The SU could sell the store, close the store and take a loss or hold a referendum to see how students feel about the issue," Aherne said. "Personally, I don't

FATE p.2

### INSIDE:

The Gateway Creative Writing Supplement, volume I — pages 9 to 12



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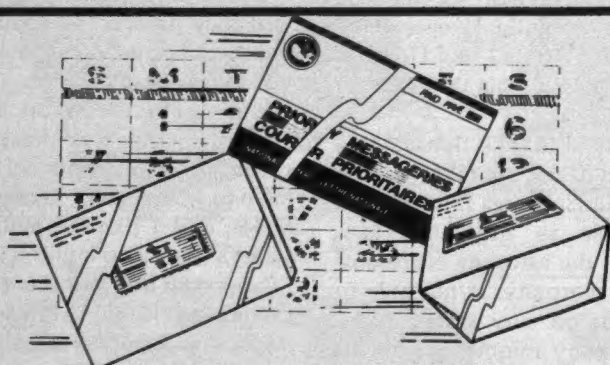
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# Schlesinger describes 30 years of journalism

by Karen Cho

In a forum held by the Canadian Association of Journalists (CAJ) and the Graduate Students' Association (GSA), Canada's most recognizable correspondent, Joe Schlesinger spoke on the U of A campus Saturday afternoon.

Schlesinger who is a foreign correspondent with the CBC National TV news, presently based in Berlin, was there to promote his new book on 40 years in journalism.

Speaking to an audience of approximately one hundred, Schlesinger joked about his relatively thick Czechoslovakian accent because no one understands him. However, he cited this to be an advantage because, "it gets across the urgency of the message."

Schlesinger's book which traces his experiences from childhood to the present through the eyes of a journalist, is about journalism and several aspects of journalism, specifically investigative journalism.

He urged young journalists to write simply and stated that: "The first and foremost role of journalist is to inform and after that is getting the information out in the form that people can understand and relate to. But journalism is not only about getting the message out but getting the message absorbed where the reader or viewer will understand and remember what you do."

Journalism which is a daily battle against deadlines is also about remembering, said Schlesinger. "It is important to know why the story happened, how it started and what it means to us today and tomorrow."

He added it included putting things into historical context, which he felt was something journalists needed to focus on.

When asked about the difference between television and newspaper, Schlesinger said, "TV forces you to concentrate on what the story is about, you don't have time to fuss around, you

don't have the time the newspaper has."

When later asked about the challenge associated with writing a good script taking into account the magnitude of the prevailing circumstances, for example, the unification of Germany, the massacre at Tianamen Square or the Oka crisis, Schlesinger replied that "when a story is too big, you go away from the bigness of a story to the littleness of the story."

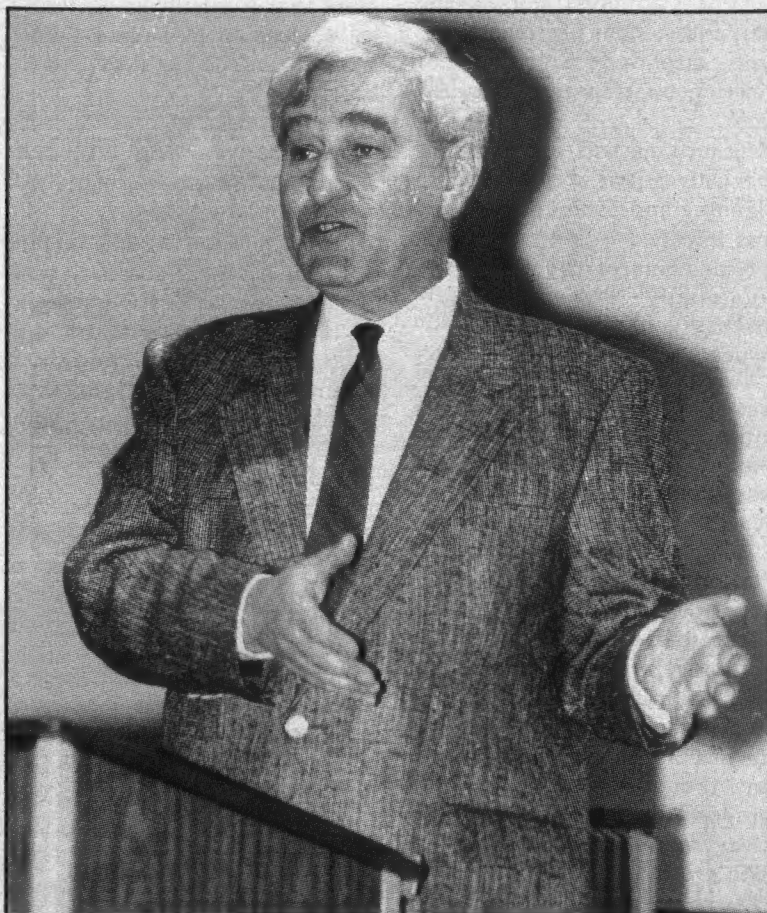
According to Schlesinger, a story always has to remain simple regardless of its size. "A story has to have a beginning and an end, it cannot have details that detract from it."

With regards to the pressures associated with being a foreign correspondent, Schlesinger

mentioned the electronic leash, where headquarters in either Washington, London or Toronto are always pulling on the leash for the reporter to return to the desk. "Because of certain imperatives, they always want you to come back to the office eventually."

He also added that when working abroad in unstable situations, as in a war, journalists are compelled to be very discreet, especially in what they are reporting about.

One of the biggest risks for Schlesinger in his career was getting a helicopter to a besieged town in Vietnam. He was frightened because, "I wasn't sure if I was going to get out alive," said Schlesinger.



Lee Craig

## Correspondent witnessed history

Joe Schlesinger spoke on 30 years in journalism, drawing from his personal experiences as a foreign correspondent for the CBC, since 1966. He is currently posted in Berlin, reporting on the future of a united Germany and the forging of a common European economy.

### FATE CONT. FROM p.1

know if it's fixable, but the proposal which is quite innovative, could possibly make it into a premier classical and eclectic record store, however, it will require a lot of time and conviction and I don't know if the councillors are prepared to give it."

Aherne mentioned the financial crunch the SU is facing as one of the reasons the councillors may balk at the proposal. He added

that the SU must decide if they regard SU Records as a business or a service.

"As a council we must give a clear policy direction as to how we regard the store. Currently we see SU Records as a business, but if this is to change, we must have a clear mandate."

Aherne also believes that this issue must be resolved soon as it has dragged on long enough.

"We must decide to either make it better or to spin it off," said Aherne. "Maybe the SU hasn't done everything to insure that it is a profitable enterprise. We now have the tools to do this so if we get the go ahead we can try. Right now I'm concerned with putting together a comprehensive package for the SU councillors so they can make an informed decision."

### TRANSIT CONT. FROM p.1

four blocks away from the LRT station, the University is going to discourage transit use...They will reinforce the one-person, one-car mentality," he said.

Downes was also not convinced that the current bus stop location (near the Jubilee Auditorium) is safer for pedestrians than the old 89th avenue location. He pointed out that when the bus stop was in front of the Dentistry Pharmacy

building students did not have to cross any busy streets — now they have to cross 87th avenue.

Despite the vocal opposition expressed during the meeting, Planning and Development administrators have not committed themselves to scrapping the re-location proposal.

"We will consider the resolution," said Dechert. But she added that she will not feel bound by it.

Supporters of the motion hope that administrators will do more than "consider" arguments against the transit re-location — they want the proposal abandoned immediately.

"We sent a very clear message to Planning and Development that the University community is solidly opposed to moving the bus stop to an illogical location. That message should not be ignored," said Downes.



# Grad assistants face meager pay increase

by Barbara Beck

Graduate assistants at the U of A are facing an extra bite to the winter's chill this year as the result of a salary decrease for the 1990-91 term.

The 3.5 percent increase they received this year does not cover the raise in the cost of living, or even take into consideration the substantial increase in tuition fees students have experienced.

"Overall last year, we took a pay cut. We were disappointed. We would have at least liked to keep up on inflation," said Stephen Downes, president of the Graduate Students' Association (GSA).

"There was an increase of approximately 8.5 percent (in inflation and tuition fees). We

wanted the pay increase to match inflation, and the tuition increase. We were given 3.5 percent. Even if we don't count the fee increases, we took a 1.5 percent pay cut," said Downes.

Out of 3800 graduate students on campus, approximately 1300 are graduate assistants. Graduate assistants conduct labs and seminars in addition to taking post-graduate courses. Many graduate students take this route in order to supplement their income — for some it is only income.

"It's a way to try to make ends meet," Downes said. "I used work as a 7-11 clerk, and now I work as a GA (graduate assistant). The pay scales are about the same."

The GSA feels that the arbitration procedure is a key factor in determining why they are not receiving what they perceive to be a fair salary increase.

**"The university giveth and the university taketh away. Unfortunately, it taketh more than it giveth."**

Last year, the GSA agreed that if there was a dispute regarding salary negotiations, an arbitrator would be appointed to make the final decision. The GSA requested that this arbitrator be someone without an interest in the University.

"The last arbitration we received seemed to be university based," said Michael Hamilton, a GSA council member. "What we would like to see is a list of people who are qualified (to be an arbitrator), but who wouldn't necessarily take the U of A's side."

Last year's arbitrator was Dr. Tim Christian, dean of the Faculty of Law.

The GSA can sympathize with the difficulty of compiling such a list. "You need someone who understands how the U of A works," Hamilton said. "Right now, we've got someone who knows the U of A, and who is skilled at labor."

The GSA is currently challenging the arbitration procedure it-

self, and the salary negotiations for the 1991-92 term.

"We are supposed to exchange our positions by December 1," said Guy Germain, vp internal for the GSA. "(Mid-December) is when it really starts to get interesting."

"Grad students can't continue to take these kinds of cuts," said Germain. "At some point, something's got to give. Most grad students think they are drastic reductions." "The minimum we want is to maintain our position right now," said Wolfgang Engler, vp academic for the GSA. "The university giveth and the university taketh away. Unfortunately, it taketh more than it giveth."



The Garneau Theatre which has been a part of the University Community for 50 years is closing its doors sometime in the next six months

## Community league angry

by Kim Hathaway

The Garneau Community League feels like a bit player in the discussions between the U of A and the City over the placement of the University transit stop.

Anne de Villars, chairwoman of the League planning committee says that they have not been kept informed during the discussions about transit issues that affect them.

"We should have been told early on," said de Villars, "so we could inform them of how it affects us."

Elizabeth Dechert, U of A Planning and Development, said that the U of A/Edmonton Transit committee studying the issue had three meetings this month with interested groups:

October 11 they met with the four surrounding communities, October 15 with the South Campus organization and October 19 with University groups.

De Villars is concerned about the lack of communication as the U of A /ET committee continues to study the issue. She said the Garneau Planning Committee is keeping in contact with the City.

"The City knows how we feel," said de Villars, "we would like the buses back on 89th Avenue."

Professor Bakker of the U of A Engineering Department says the placement of the bus loop will affect nearby communities. "It will affect transit patronage and the level of traffic going through those communities."

Bakker, who supports the 89th Ave location, said, "public input can stop you from making foolish mistakes."

De Villars described the University's consultation process to date as "an exercise in how not to do it...they have generated a great deal of ill will."

Dechert said the three meetings this month gave the U of A/ET committee information on the concerns they should be addressing and the issues that are important.

"The goal is to provide optimum transit service to the campus," said Dechert, adding the committee will now look at the alternatives.

A final report from the committee is expected in mid January.

## SU and GSA cooperate to support United Way

by Fiona Cameron

The Students' Union Council and the Graduate Students' Council (GSC) are trying to increase student awareness and involvement in the United Way's 1990 fundraising campaign.

The mandate of the United Way is "to increase the capacity of people to care for one another."

Unfortunately, that often takes more than simple TLC which is where the United Way comes in. The United Way is an umbrella organization composed of 45 agencies from the Project Adult Literacy Society to Edmonton's Food Bank.

It takes money to operate the programs offered by member agencies. This is why the SU Council and the GSC have offered to participate in the campaign.

SU vp internal Marc Dumouchel said the SU Council is going to challenge the GSC to see who can get a greater percentage of members to donate money.

"We're keeping the challenge fairly narrow this year," says Ken Ross, GSA vp external, noting that "this is the first time we've had student involvement" in the campus fundraising campaign.

In addition, 1990 will see the return of "Coffee Day." From November 7th to the 13th the SU will be "distributing United Way buttons for \$1," said Dumouchel, "and the \$1 goes to the United Way." Then, on November 14th, people wearing the buttons will receive coffee free of charge from various on-campus outlets between 8:00 A.M. and 4:00 P.M.

After 4:00, the buttons will be good at certain off-campus establishments.

"The last coffee day was done three years ago and that was city-wide," said George Lidgett, an engineer at Northwestern Utilities, who is acting as one of 38 1990 United Way Loaned Representatives.

Simply put: a Loaned Representative is someone whose company has let the United Way borrow them for the duration of campaign. He added, "It's great that the students are getting involved" and cited an example of Physical Education students approaching a professor and asking what they could do to help.

Will one dollar make any difference? Responds Lidgett, "It doesn't matter what your donation is...as long as it gives you a sense of participation." Lidgett, Marc Dumouchel and Ken Ross all pointed out that the key issue was to raise awareness of the United Way among students.

Whether or not they have any money to give now, students are members of the larger community and may be more able to give in the years to come.

UNITED WAY p.5

### COMING UP AT THE "PLANT"

**NOVEMBER  
1 - 3**

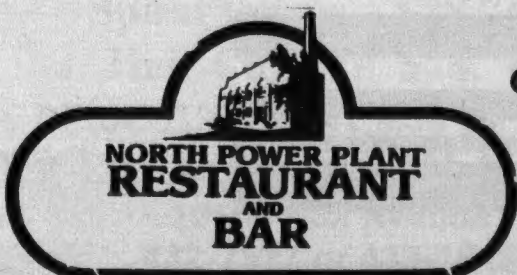
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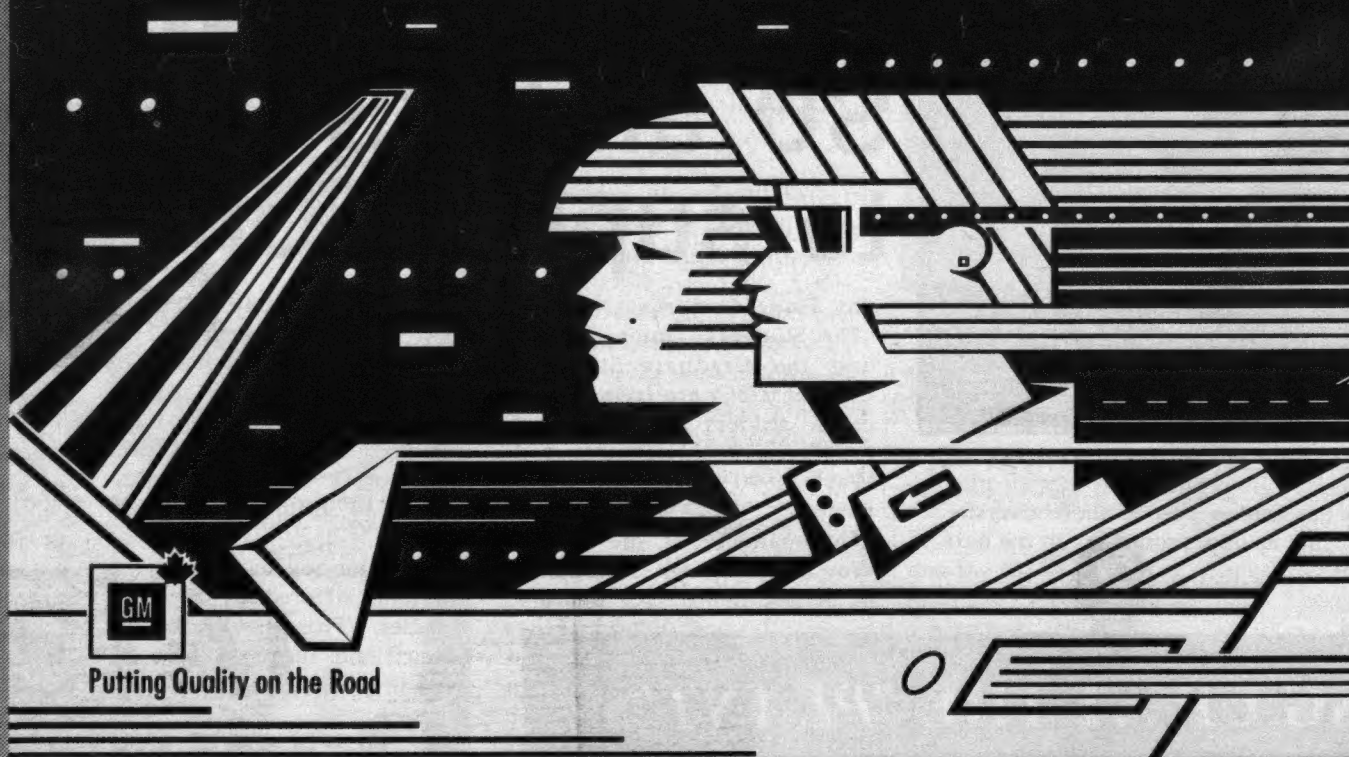
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# Writers-in-residence visit U of A

by Katrina Haymond

The English department at the U of A is presently hosting two writers-in-residence.

David Adams Richards is here from New Brunswick until the end of December and Scottish poet John Glenday will be here until the end of the second term. The writers-in-residence program has existed for 15 years and it is the longest continuing program of its sort in Canada.

Past writers who have participated in this program are Marian Engel, Patrick Lane, Elizabeth Smart and Phyllis Webb. The main goal of the program is to encourage student writing while providing a different cultural or regional perspective to the community.

Richards says he is particularly aware of the difference regional perspective makes in writing.

Richards was born and raised in New Brunswick and admitted he missed it very much. He acknowledged the problems that writers who are not from central Canada face.

"The Canadian identity has been kidnapped and handcuffed by the Toronto perception of what it should be. The novelists on the periphery of the country will remain there."

Richards has still managed to make an impact with his writings. He has published six novels, as well as a volume of short stories, and won the Governor General's award for his book *Nights Below Station Street* in 1988.

The success he has achieved

has been the result of hard work and perseverance, he says. Richards has been writing since he was 13 and used to write novels out in pen.

"I wrote like other 13 year-olds do. It was the only thing I wanted to do," he said.

Richards pursued writing while going to university and had his first novel published at the end of his fourth year. He quit university three credits short of a Bachelor of Arts degree, but was quick to point out that this is not necessarily the right thing for all aspiring writers.

For any aspiring writers, Richards said, "A writer has to continue to take chances, to not stagnate. Write what you feel and not what you're told to feel by others."

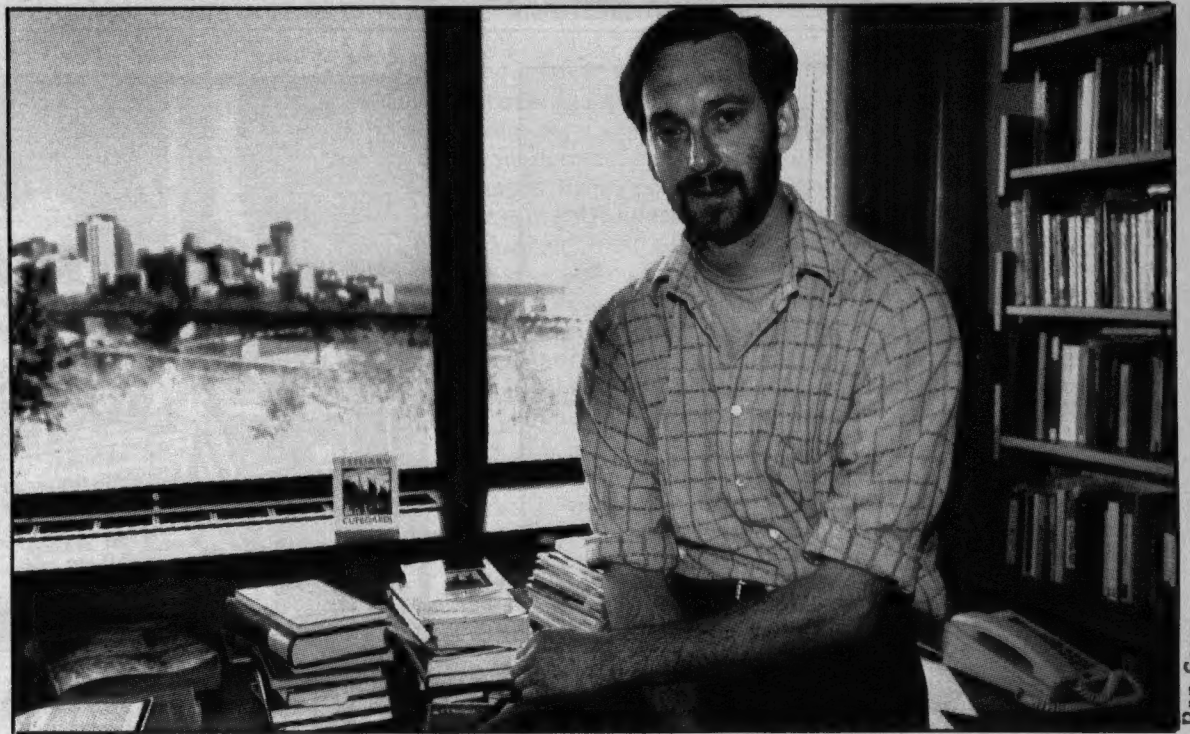
Richards is in his office, 3-73 Humanities Centre, most afternoons and said he would be happy to meet with students or others to discuss their writing.

Poet John Glenday comes from Karnoustie, a small seaside village in Scotland. He is at the U of A on an exchange sponsored by the Scottish Arts Council.

Glenday's home also has a large impact on what he writes.

"My poems are rooted in place and reflect where I live. It will be interesting to see how my writing changes as a result of my environment being changed."

According to Glenday, he has also been writing since he was 13, but did not take his writing seriously until 1983, when he took a creative writing course.



Ron Sears

Scottish poet John Glenday is visiting the U of A English department on an exchange program. Glenday has won the Scottish Arts Council Autumn Book award for his full length collection *The Apple Ghost*.

"I started standing back from my writing and saying this is rubbish," he said.

Since then he has had poems published in a number of periodicals. As well, he won the Scottish Arts' Council Autumn Book award for his first full length collection *The Apple Ghost* (1989).

Although Glenday's writings is paying the bills this year, in the past he has supported himself by driving a van and working for a printer. Glenday had completed three years of an

English degree, when he switched programs to train as a psychiatric nurse. He worked as a nurse for 12 years before quitting his job to come here.

Glenday said he is thrilled to be in Edmonton and is happy to have the time to write in an interesting environment.

"The attitude here is different," said Glenday, "People are more aware of what's going on. Everyone has been really friendly."

Glenday's advice to writers is, "You can write totally for

yourself, but if you're trying to communicate something, you have to look at how you're getting information across. Sometimes you have to stand back from your emotions."

Glenday said so far people have been shy of approaching him, but encourages anyone to come to his office and discuss their work. His office hours are 10-4 Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays in 3-27 HC.

Both writers have upcoming readings in November.

## UNITED WAY CONTINUED FROM p.3

"We're not in the position to twist arms," said Ross. He feels the role of the GSA and the SU is to facilitate giving on behalf of students and that they can most effectively help the campaign by "showing leadership and supporting it visibly."

The campus campaign kicked off on October 5th and will run until the end of November but Lidgett said the city of Edmonton gives a block of time for organizations to raise funds and just because the campaign officially ends on a particular day doesn't mean money will not be appreciated after the campaign is over.

The U of A's goal this year is "pretty ambitious," according to Dumouchel. The 1990 goal is \$225,000 - a 50% increase over last year's goal. That compares with a 5% increase in the citywide

campaign. George Lidgett was more optimistic. It's "very realistic" he said, noting that 60% of the \$225,000 had already been raised.

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# OPINION

## U of Orwell?

by G. Paul Skelhorne

Shhhh!!!! Be careful what you do, be careful what you say — the University is watching, and proposing a policy which would make Orwell's world vision look like the good old days.

Proposed changes to the Code of Student Behaviour would give the University the authority to shut down any student group or activity they find potentially damaging to the reputation of the University.

Not that this is so bad. After all, some groups really are odious and probably should be restricted from operating within the university community.

The big problem lies within the way the University would administrate such a policy. As the proposal stands, the entire responsibility for shutting down offending groups would lie within the auspices of the vice-president Academic and Student Affairs.

One person. Not a committee, not a board, not even by a vote.

What does this mean?

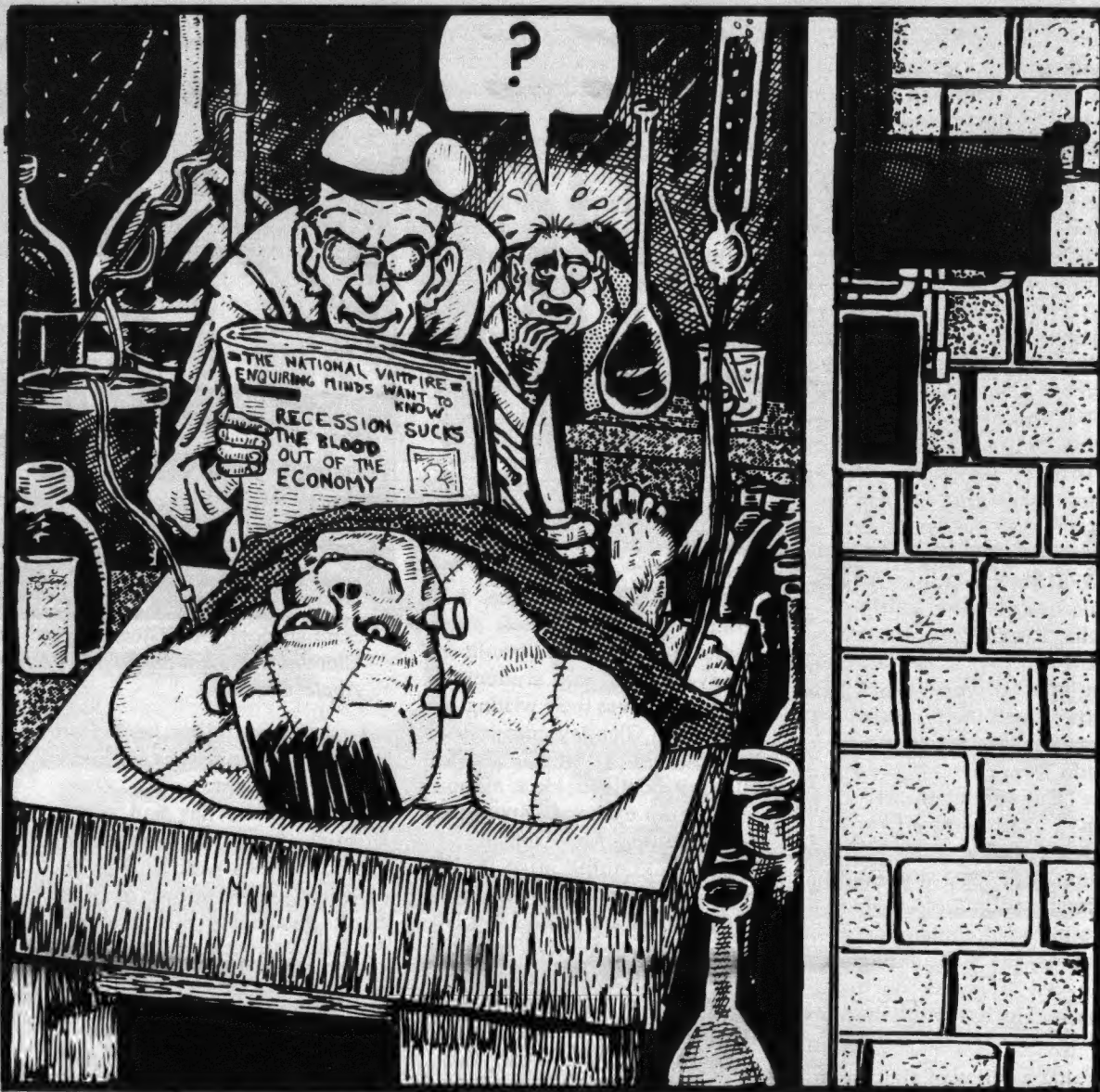
Take a look at the paper you now hold in your hands. On the authority of a single person, its publication could be halted. If, for example, *The Gateway* had the audacity to criticize the actions of the University on a delicate matter, it could be shut down as potentially damaging to the "reputation of the University."

The fact that we constantly do this means it's only a matter of time before we're shut down, and it scares us.

But this doesn't just apply to us, it applies to you as well. What if your group ran afoul of the vice president Academic and Student Affairs? What if the vp had a bad day and just felt spiteful? What if you didn't realize you had done anything wrong?

Too bad. You'd be shut down. Without trial, without jury, without mercy, and without democracy.

The University must think we're pretty stupid if they think we'll go along with this. It's up to us to prove them wrong, and hope we don't all get shut down in the process.



★💀❗ SORRY, IGOR, BUT I'LL HAVE TO LET YOU GO."

ANDY TRILLPOTTS 90

## LETTERS

Please keep letters brief. All letters should include name, faculty and year for publication, as well as ID and phone numbers.

### Plastic the real problem

The recent outpouring of disgust against the use of styrofoam containers on campus is admirable. However, I feel the attention of the student population is misdirected. The real waste disposal problem is not plastic, but paper.

A recent documentary on the CBC program *The Journal* has brought to my attention several disturbing statistics. Plastic accounts for approximately 12 to 13 per cent of our landfill space. Paper, on the other hand, accounts for greater than 40 per cent. The amount of plastic entering our landfills has risen roughly three per cent in the last

decade. The amount of paper has risen greater than 40 per cent in the same time period.

"Plastic does not biodegrade in a landfill and will last for thousands of years," is one of a number of environmentalist battle cries. What is not stated is that nothing will biodegrade in a landfill. Corn cobs, bananas, and t-bone steaks (with meat still attached) have been unearthed from sections of landfills buried decades ago. These sections can be precisely dated as still readable newspapers are associated with this standard kitchen rubbish.

The real problem of waste disposal

is not what we throw away, but how much we throw away. New technological advances must be implemented to help us destroy the waste we generate, or we will continue to bury our wastes like civilizations for millennia before us have done. Out of sight, out of mind, huh? As it stands, we won't be buried by our garbage, we will build on top of it. But let us not delay too long, or our only valuable advice to future generations will be "don't dig your backyard garden too deep, or you may get a little surprise."

James Talbot  
Science IV

UNIFARCITY



THE TROUBLE WITH NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY

### Corporate tax controversy

I would like to state a few facts. Corporate Income tax was increased about 30 per cent in 1986. Corporate Income tax in Alberta is 15 per cent for large corporations. However, when the critics from the left point to Quebec where tuition fees are the lowest in Canada, we can note that corporate income tax is 6.3 per cent. We can take note that Manitoba, whose quality of education is not nearly as good as ours, has a corporate income tax of 17 per cent.

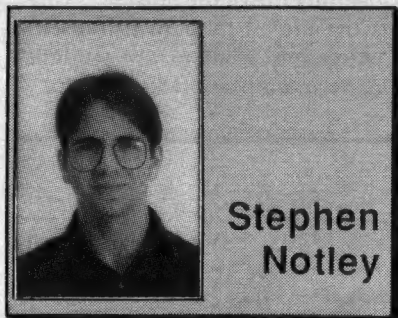
The critics who point to rate of taxation in the days of the Socreds are forgetting that the whole corporate infrastructure was different. The primary source of corporate revenue was the oil industry, therefore counting royalty payments plus income tax you could easily arrive a figure like the one stated. However, royalties have increased dramatically since the Socreds can not pay for the health department budget. Instead of asking for more taxes

which will drive jobs and capital down south, we should ask for more practical solutions. corporate contributions are a good idea. Perhaps some of the existing tax deductions for corporations should be removed. They could be replaced by education contributions deductions. This would force corporate money to go directly to Education.

Moin Yahya  
Engineering III



# Hey everybody! Let's get stoned!



Stephen Notley

Just say no, everybody. Why? Is there any reason to slavishly abstain from drugs other than that we've had this message pushed down our throats for the last five or six years? If we look at the current government don't-do-anything advertising campaign, specifically the anti-drug campaign, we

find precious few actual facts to back up the imperatives. This is an egg. This is a skillet. This is an egg frying on a skillet. Any questions? God, I just can't get enough of those hard hitting facts. If that were really your brain on drugs, don't you think there'd be a few more thirty to forty year olds wandering around lacking anything but the most basic autonomic functions than there are? The ad makes it look as though if you so much as take one drag your brain will squirt out your ears. We know this isn't true, and yet everyone I know seems to insist on the high road in regards to drugs. These are the same people who will insist that of course they're okay to drive, don't be so wet. Oh, but wait, says someone.

Drugs are addictive. Sure. And sanctioned drugs aren't? Tell an alcoholic that he or she doesn't really need a drink the way a drug addict does. There's a lot of risk involved in using drugs, but that's mostly because you never know what's in it and not because of some inherent physical evil in the drug itself. Drugs only reproduce effects that chemicals in our brains do naturally. Drugs can be bad, no doubt. Drug abuse can eat your personality up from the inside like a dry rot. The key word here, though, is *abuse*. Drugs themselves are not inherently evil; it's what you do to yourself with them counts. A pathetic slobbering drunk on the street is not on any moral higher ground than the pathetic sallow drug addict just

because he uses a sanctioned substance. Almost all my friends drink, but these same friends react strongly against drugs. Why? You're no less a stupid boar when blitzed from drinking than wasted from dope. In fact, you're probably more so. Stoned people just get doopy; drunk people can get belligerent and violent. Why is the one censured and the other accepted? The only objection is one that's been spoon-fed to us so long that we've forgotten where it comes from: it's illegal. And because it's illegal it's wrong. Let's get one thing clear here; I'm not a doper. I just object to having the government tell me what I can or can't do to my own mind. Drugs, all drugs, can have ill effects, but they are all self-in-

flicted. Unless someone slips some dope into your dope-in-a-bottle at a party, the responsibility for drug abuse is your own. If I did want to get high, who is the government to tell me I can't, especially when it says it's perfectly all right for me to get smashed? Who is the government to try and brainwash me and the people I know into thinking that drug use is a mortal sin, while sanctioning drugs that cause thousands of deaths each year? If I see one more self-righteous AADAC commercial telling me I don't have enough discretion to make a decision and to let them make it for me, I think I'll puke. Pass me the pipe, willya?

## Three easy steps to university fascism



Teresa Pires

As Eastern Europeans celebrate the demise of totalitarian regimes, students at the U of A have also had the privilege of witnessing a series of significant changes to our system of government. Unlike our fellow students in Europe, however, we are condoning the erosion of democracy on our campus. Apparently, the U of A administration has decided to redress the imbalance that is being created internationally between democratic and undemocratic countries. To facilitate their efforts, the administration seems to be following (or writing) a revamped version of *The Prince* for university administrators in the 90's. An excerpt of this "How To" manual might read something like this:

Step 1: Exclude students completely from all decisions that drastically affect their

future. If those pesky imps are presumptuous enough to "protest," make some small token concession to keep them happy, but only after the decision has already been made. Slashing library hours is a great place to start—not only does it demoralize students, but it will undoubtedly lower GPA's and weed out some of the undesirable ones.

Step 2: Once you've discouraged students from providing their input, exclude them from your decision-making process completely. Don't let them know what you're planning. To do this, start from the top—exclude them from your highest governing board, for example your Board of Governors. You can keep everything confidential by blanketing all of the board's business under a general, meaningless term such as "strategy." Obviously, everything that such a board does could be considered strategy, but your spirits-sodden students will probably never pick up on this.

Step 3: Silence students. You begin by passing a seemingly innocent change to your Code of Behaviour, empowering you to shut down any student activity. Don't forget to justify this decision in some way (once your regime becomes more powerful

you will no longer need any justifications). It is always a good idea to find a scapegoat—the engineers are usually a cooperative bunch. Blame them. Justify your measures in the "good name" of the university. And finally, give one person (a must in any totalitarian regime worthy of the name) exclusive power over student groups and publications.

Try to stress objectivity. Throw around phrases, such as "pending an investigation," "only under very tight constraints," and "temporary." The students will never suspect how much power you really have. Until you actually enforce the changes, your doopy students won't realize that you can, for example, shut down their doopy newspaper whenever you damn well please. If you don't like their leftist, bleeding-heart, pansy-ass liberal ideas, shut it down. If you don't like the foul, toilet humour in the comic section, shut it down.

You could even close down their entire weak-willed, resume obsessed, ideologically-vacant, pro-active Students' Union operation, if they piss you off enough. One of those SU weenies is bound to do something rebellious—the first post-card campaign, get 'em.

Shut them down. (You could do away with students altogether, but they are a convenient source of income.) Just think of all the fun you could have with students, once they become powerless, uninformed, and silenced. One of the most hilarious things you can do is move around their bus loop. Try placing it as far away

from the center of campus as you can, perhaps near a busy thoroughfare. Not only does this change annoy the snotty, little whiners, but with all that traffic, your quota problems could be ended.

Get your free copies today—fourth floor University Hall, Office of the President.

## A New World is Coming . . .

The Eye of the World and its sequel *The Great Hunt: Book 2 of The Wheel of Time Series*

### Rave Reviews!

... Well plotted, well paced, with characters well drawn, *Eye of the World* is the best of its genre."

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"His pacing is superb, his characters are rich and his story is interesting."

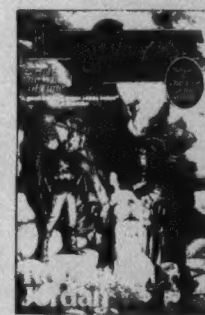
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"As a work of fantasy literature, *Eye of the World* is one of the finest books ever written. Epithets like 'great' and 'classic' are ready made descriptions but they hardly do."

*The Kitchener-Waterloo Record*



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The Gateway would like to apologize for not running Dr. Jimmy on Thursday — The Doctor can be found on page 8 today.

The Gateway

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There's a radical new school of humour writing here at *The Gateway*. It consists of taking a trivial (albeit sometimes humorous) episode out of your life, and expanding it to fill your entire column. Needless to say, my absence this last few weeks has

## Harry the Goat

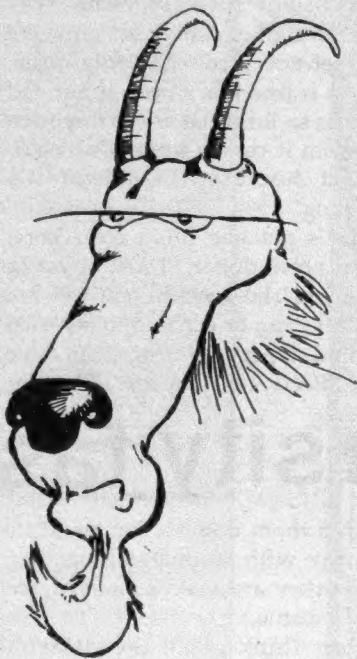
NOT been due to alien Club Med recruiters, hedgehog insurrection, or any other elaborate excuses. The quest for education is foremost; thus I have been in the lovely town of Horsecrotch, Alberta, attending a special workshop in this new avant-garde comedy form. Here goes nothing...

Giant sheets of green slime were stacked in layers over my eyelids. My mouth felt like a small furry rodent had crawled inside and expired from hepatitis, leaving no will or testament. His grieving relatives were busy mourning Irish style by banging kippers against the inside of my eardrums. Deep within my sodden liver a little gnome with a death wish was carving his initials in my flesh. My left foot was stuck knee-deep in the 3-D Osterizer Of Death, while my right foot was alarmingly oblivious to all neural inquiries.

My first instinct was to press the big Pause button and inspect these sensations for coherence, consistency, and possible existential trauma. However, as all sentient beings are bound by chains of temporality, I could not manage to evaluate perceptual stimuli by any mode other than direct experience... My second

instinct was to vomit. Thankfully I did not have the energy to do so.

Then the beast of praxis reared its ugly head. "You can't acquire true knowledge just by passively contemplating the world, you lazy sod. The only way to find out just what in hell happened to you last night is to stand up, look around, and find some iced tea before your tongue starts to



bleed." Against my better judgement, I opened my eyes.

Familiar sights greeted me: the llama lamp, the empty incense crate I keep my liver collection in, the 'Urbemensch-with-Goat' Doodle Art my ex-lover had crayoned to death... and impaled upon the bedpost, my favorite stuffed politician. He was a little gamey after all these years, but was still good for some friendly abuse at bedtime (and the chimpanzee loves to help out).

The floor was soft and spongy, but at least it was MY floor. In my relief at finding myself in familiar territory, I almost didn't see the hippo until it was too late. Tethered at the far end of the tennis courts, it blithered away blissfully in a field of yellow poppies. This was not as disturbing as it was puzzling, I was SURE that I had left it in the garage. Or had I taken a taxi home? Either way, this was apparently a minor blessing.

I stumbled across the river and into the kitchen. Casually I rammed a length of pipe into the nearest drum of iced tea, and filled the bathtub with rose petals and ice. No sense messing around with those piddling little gallon jugs that my houseguests seemed to find sufficient at times like these. As I lay submerged in the Tea of Life, my senses slowly returned to me, like reluctant stragglers at closing time. Suddenly, I remembered Brazil. As I crossed the gangplank to the entrance hall, I lovingly polished the albatross. Maybe this wasn't such a bad day after all!

The hermetically-sealed doors opened cheerfully, and pure blessed sunshine rained down into the coat-check room of the bunker. The doorbell snuggled intimately against my thigh, and then whispered in my ear,

"Your blood/alcohol ratio is dangerously low, Harry... there's a special on at ALCBooze-For-Less, buy 12 dozen ChasenKrakas Extra-Heavy Ale and receive a FREE 60-oz sample bottle of Old McPsilo's Ergot Fungus Rye Whiskey... the current air temperature is half a degree above perfect... coffee is

running at \$1.95 per pound... the cat got laid last night and you missed it... and you have NO appointments today!"

A rush of guilt-free adrenaline cleared the last vestiges of my hangover. "Thanks, Twila! You've really made my day!", I told my



Dear Dr. Jimmy,  
Having recently split up with my boyfriend, I am seeking ways to advertise to the male population on campus that I, once again, am single.

Looking For Love and  
Considering Paying For It

Cold and Hungry,  
What kind of love are you looking for? Mental or PHYSICAL? If it's physical love you desire—you've come to the right place. Call the dr. at 492-LOVE.

By writing Dr. Famous himself, you have notified the entire U of A campus of your pathetic loneliness. If it's a mental, sensitive, endearing love you wish—get real, grow up, face the real world. Don't be a hyper-emotional wimp. This is a go-get'em-round'em-up-world, where the bubbled pin cushion dollface doesn't survive. Straighten up and show no emotion. History is merciless to the weak.

the Dr.

thermostat as she retracted back into the forest. The fresh air set my toes quivering, as I cavorted gleefully down the hillside. "This is the life", I thought to myself, "Amazing what a few student loans and a plane ticket can do!"

Dear Dr. Jimmy,  
I've just finished mid terms and I'm really screwed up. For a week an a half, I spent twelve hours a day in the library, coming out only for bread and water. Now that I'm out, I have nothing to do. I severed all social ties and I've got no friends or social life.

Depressed

Loser,  
Your withdrawal from society is nothing short of stupid. the Dr. studied twelve hours total for his exams and he has achieved a 8.5 GPA thus far. But that's why he's doing this column and you're not.

Well, your case is cut and dry—your only chance of survival is to inject toxic substances into your system in large quantities. Mojo Nixon is playing at Dinwoodie on Friday, the Jitterbugs on Saturday (although the Jitters, might throw you deeper into seclusion). In final, think two things: beer and more More and beer. Beer, more, more, beer. More beer.

the Dr.

If you wish to write the Doctor with a query (he appreciates your humility) write: Dr. Jimmy c/o The Gateway, Room 282, SUB



ROOM *at* The TOP



A SCARY  
PLACE  
TO BE!!!



Scary Movies  
Scary Prizes



Scary Staff  
Scary People



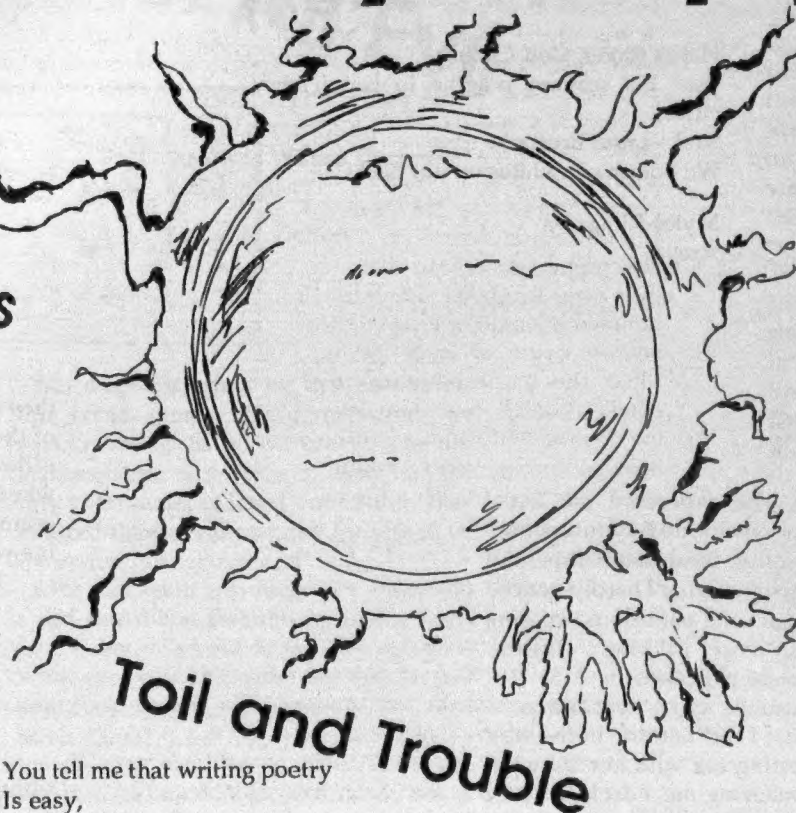


# Literary Supplement

## For Love of Guns

The Red Horseman's cape envelopes the land,  
Deaf knights gird themselves for unending jousts,  
While blind rulers prattle in castles of sand  
And lying blacksmiths beat out swords for ghosts.  
Petty men argue over thoughts and lines  
Wise voices are drowned out by marching feet.  
Anger rages over disobeyed signs  
And the rumble of cannons roar "defeat!"  
Javelins of death pierce the shielding clouds  
Too late the pawns listen and wonder why  
As grisly juggernauts crush screaming crowds  
And unleashed demons outshine the bright sky.  
If we do not forsake our use of guns  
The land will wither beneath expanding suns.

Alex Beztilny  
Education IV



## Toil and Trouble

You tell me that writing poetry  
Is easy,  
Like a witch's brew:

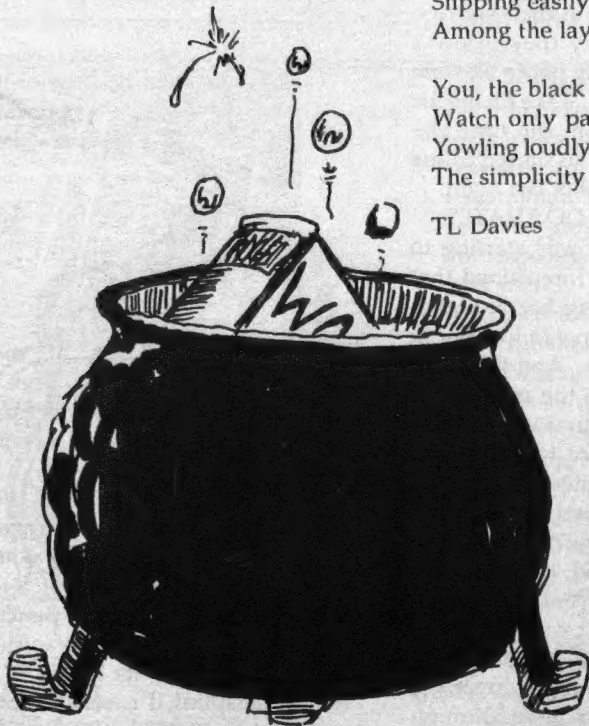
Toss the dictionary into the  
Blackened cauldron  
Swirl the battered nouns around,  
Stir with a large wooden spoon,  
Boil quickly  
While chanting and ancient, primitive  
Incantation.

The words:

rat's tail  
frog's tongue  
thou art  
Float to the surface  
Slipping easily into their places  
Among the layered lines.

You, the black cat,  
Watch only passively  
Yowling loudly at  
The simplicity of the spell.

TL Davies



### Editor's Note:

The Gateway would like to thank everyone who sent in their submissions to our Literary Supplement. We will be running another supplement, in conjunction with the English Club, in the last issue of November. Please keep short stories to no more than 1000 words. Thanks again.

Teresa Pires  
Managing Editor

**Contributors:** Alex Beztilny, TL Davies, Bruce Thorson, Grant J. Venables, Liliana D. Lypse, Pamela Smith, Zafar Faquith, Myles Kitagawa, Peter Fisera, Gabino Vidal Travassos, Jason Kapalka, Trevor N. Dekort, Peter Locock.

Graphics by Stephen Notley

## Heromaking

### Barnacles on the Beast

Levi was composing a poem as he walked. It was entitled, "Barnacles of the Beast." Images and metaphors filled his mind. A humpback whale breaching. Sun penetrating industrial smoke. The view of the earth from Apollo 8.

He had just crossed the street and was walking across the grassy border of the boulevard when a magpie, following the sidewalk, passed before him.

Black feathers bordered white wings. Levi watched him glide by. Sunlight reflected off tailfeathers with an iridescent blue.

Coming the opposite direction down the sidewalk was a blonde girl in a green sweater. The magpie was gliding towards her, wings outstretched. Levi imagined that the magpie would fly up to her and wrap its pied wings around her and rest its dark head on her shoulder.

The girl walked with the kind of steady rhythm and determination that said she had someplace important to go. Don't talk to me. To avoid contact.

We all do it.

The magpie, anticipating rejection, turned away suddenly, veered up into a spruce tree and disappeared amid the boughs. Levi continued walking. Across the sidewalk. On to a parking lot. No longer thinking about poetry. As if he had someplace important to go. The girl crossed his path behind him.

Myles Kitagawa

Awaken. Get thee up. Bring thyself outside the tent. Care; do not step upon the assassin of last night. I suppose I was not wise in displaying his innards so, but I thought nothing of it. Look. Your army. They are slack in preparing the day. Command them, speed them. My purpose. Your promise. These mountains may conceal this act, but be quick, nonetheless. Check thyself. Your sword? No—the shield you can longer use. Let it lie. Bear thyself highly. Up with chin, back, shoulders. The cloak, pull it higher. This round valley you have chosen well; it is a well-suited place for these pawns to fall. A shame these are not more. But the blame is not yours. It was my error to show myself. What, how they ran. Ensure they do not run from this, or our contract is forfeit.

Contract?

Come now. Your own blood marks the words. Surely you can remember your promise? Power, for your compliance?

I had a name, once.

Silence! You were less than a man before I chose you. Think not of the past. Now is the only thing which is real.

Now?

Yes. Strife is power. This is the only path. If I have not your compliance, how may I gather this power for you? Each soul, thine army, and those opposing, holds it. It must be this way. Forget. The feeble kindness of man is their limit. We have gone beyond. These secrets I give you.

My arm...

It was necessary. Your race lacks some things. I had no other way to enter you. Remember now, the asking was yours, not mine.

Anna...Oh Gods.

Hah! Do not foul your tongue. Yes, the girl was also necessary, and you knew I could not show myself then. Forget. Look, your hand is now clean. It is past. It goes but one way. Walk it highly.

Who are you?

Where is your mind gone? I am HexOnx. And you are mine.

Zafar Faquih



## Will You Need Me In the Morning

I suppose I should have given Elaine's breasts more interest in the past, for with them resting on my arm while she lay asleep, I was unprepared to deal with them in a proper fiendish way. Understandably, they seemed like fine and magnificent things, but in their current helpless state, they were more of a dead weight against my body, as a dead chicken or rabbit would feel. And, what with her being unconscious and smelling so powerfully of beer and other liquors, my urge to undress her, incredibly small before, had shrunk to such a negative number that I felt like removing my own clothes and placing them on her. I didn't. She merely rode back to my house in the trunk.

Now, I would never say anything bad about Elaine, regardless of whether she'd earned it or not. To me, she was more than just a woman. She was everywoman. And the epitomalwoman. She was a woman for whom I'd saw off all my limbs. She was sacred. Her body, as are most womens bodies, is merely an old cistern full of organic waste, when compared to the beauty that is housed in her mind and soul. Her body, as are most women's bodies, is not something to be pawed over with callous male hands, which seek only their own decadent satisfaction. Elaine was not a thing to be used and discarded. To me, Elaine was representative of something greater than myself.

In the morning, she awoke in my bed. I, being scared as all hell of her, slept on the couch. When she opened her eyes at

around noon, she expressed the usual 'ohmygodwhathaveidonedidyourapeme?' scare. I'd so often read about this, and was so delighted in it, that I hardly noticed her storm off into the bathroom, wearing my pajamas over all her clothes. Naturally, I made pancakes.

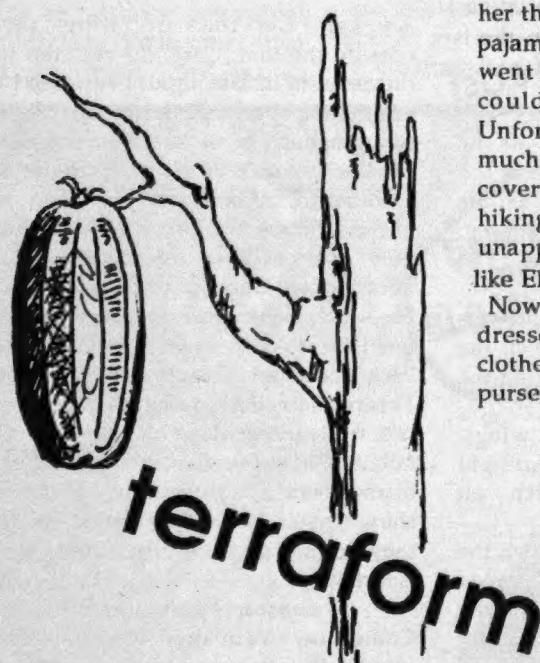
She was unusually quiet over lunch. I assured her that I did nothing in the way of even suggesting sex with her the night before. Not believing me, I decided that I had to tell her how she was drooling while she was unconscious, and horribly attractive as it is, this kind of ruined her appeal. Even Perry, as drunk as he was, agreed with me, but only after a little half-hearted prodding at her breasts.

"YOU LET HIM TOUCH ME?!!!"

I nodded in amusement, consoling her in the thought that he didn't even like it. A pancake flew across the table, upsetting my apple juice. This really annoyed me, since the apple juice wasn't even on sale.

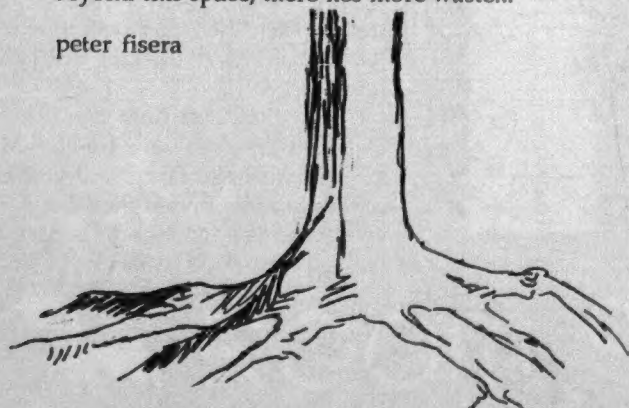
It took a considerable time to explain to her that it took me half an hour to get my pajamas on over her clothes, and I only went through all the trouble because I couldn't bear the sight of her. Unfortunately, this didn't cheer her up much. Even after I explained how I kept covering her up after she'd insist on hiking her skirt over her head, she was unappreciative. Sometimes, to women like Elaine, thank you's aren't easily said.

Now, by this time, she had showered and dressed herself in some of my clean clothes, and with a little help from her purse, was looking fine enough to make



beyond the waste there lies another space  
where wonders are not stifled by their offspring  
where the fruits of the earth are not reaped by force  
where the rhythm of the child is forever permitted its smiling dance  
where the delights of nature are given the reign they deserve, not a lifespan or value  
where soundness of heart and an inquiring mind are all that everyone has  
where lightness of spirit and an immortal longing are all that anyone needs  
beyond this space, there lies more waste...

peter fisera



## Commandment

Haida Raven God Creator  
Sent his servant magpie to watch the cities]  
Said, "Little Brother  
We both have whites on our backs"

Myles Kitagawa  
Arts

of a poem  
the words hang like coats  
on an invisible rack  
whose shape I cannot discern

Myles Kitagawa

they say the hearing  
of the average person  
is developed to just below the point  
where one could hear one's own blood  
pounding in the ears  
but you see grind  
grind  
grind  
(oh god)  
grind  
grind  
grind  
the joke depends on where one is  
sitting

Bruce Thorson

my shorts ride up. I didn't know whether to tell her this, because she still had three pancakes on her plate that hadn't seen any air-time. I decided that if she had anything to say, she would, being the woman that she was.

I'm not saying that she was dominant and opinionated. I'm not one of those guys who spends his free time disparaging women, and laughing at their varicose veins and the gimpy way they throw a football. Sometimes I even get to like one of them. For a short time. Take Elaine for instance. I liked her from the time she was born, until the time she started filling her beer glass from the toilet last night.

"LIKE HELL!! I DIDN'T DO THAT!!!"

Of course, by now, she was starting to look unattractive again. I explained that if she insisted on throwing her pancakes and cutlery around, I'd have to lock her in the trunk of my car again. And this time, she started foaming from the mouth and overturning all my used furniture.

If it made any difference to her, I told Elaine, she was given to me as a gift from some guy who had carried her into the basement about an hour earlier. I remembered that he had a tattoo, but couldn't recall what it was of, except that it covered half his face.

"NOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Somewhere between knocking over my stereo and my TV, she fell down, through my glass coffee table, and lay in a pile of broken glass. It was this time that I chose to start doing the dishes.

"Help me up!"

"No."

## You Around

Everybody else looked at you  
two dimensionally—  
up and down.  
I wanted to spend eternity  
in that cafe  
underground.  
When the bill came, four years later,  
I knew it had to end  
gagged and bound.

Gabino Vidal Travassos  
Arts III

"Forgodsake! Look at me! I'm bleeding!"

"I know. And that's a new rug too."

"What's wrong with you? I think I broke my arm!"

"And all my dishes it seems. I don't see why I should even bother to wash them. Ouch! I cut my finger. Look what you've done."

After a brilliant argument punctuated by a horrendous string of profanities, Elaine fainted in a pool of her blood.

At the hospital, I eased her out of my trunk. It was quick-thinking on my part to lay down newspaper so Elaine wouldn't ruin the carpet in the back. Wrapped in newspaper, and wearing my old clothes, I carried her into the Emergency entrance, and plunked her down on the front desk.

"What's this?" asked the nurse.

"It's a woman, blessed if I might add, with a pleasant set of breasts, not that I've touched them, mind you."

"Her name?"

"Elaine."

"Last name?"

"Don't know it."

"Smith," she wrote. "And what seems to be the problem with her?"

"Perhaps it's all this blood all over her."

"Oh...right." She wrote 'bleeding'.

"Would you mind if we saw a doctor pretty quickly? I've got to get to work."

"Your occupation?"

"Does it matter?"

"Yes. Your occupation?"

The red gravy in Elaine's veins spoke for me.

Gabino Vidal Travassos



# Hello Tokyo

In the beginning there was the light. After that came mutation.

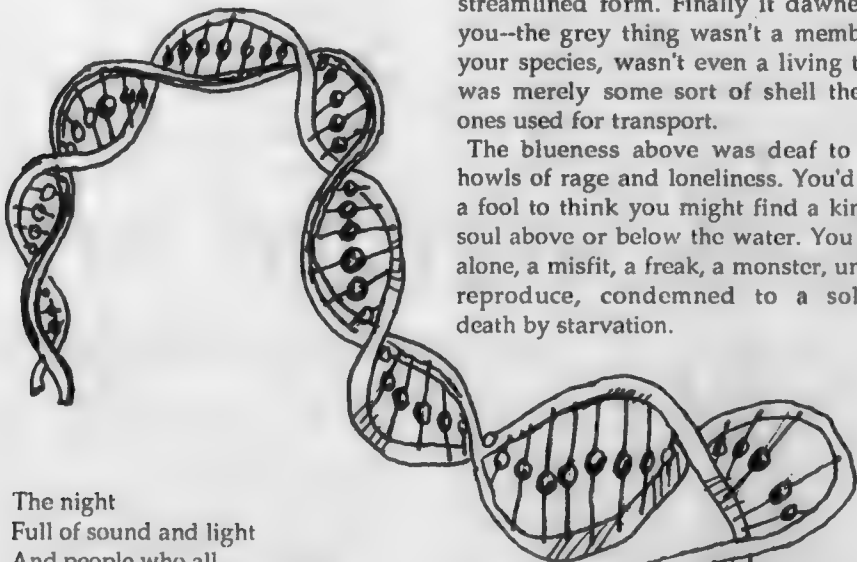
You remember drifting in torment as your DNA hit full boil, organs rearranged themselves, limbs developed and atrophied, bones were shattered and reset a hundred times a day by constant manic growth.

But the physical changes eventually stopped; the torture that came with your new intelligence only intensified. At least, back when your brain had been the size of a peanut, you had belonged, had been part of the food chain's great game of hide-and-seek, kill-or-die. Now, with even the memory of your original form lost amid countless transformations, you were forever outside nature. All you knew was loneliness and hunger, a hunger that could no longer be satisfied now that there was nothing big enough for you to eat.

It was that hunger that drove you to the surface. Ravenous and frustrated, you thrust yourself up at the flickering green light that was the edge of your universe, a barrier that every instinct in your titanic body told you to avoid.

You broke the surface — and lived, drawing in your first breaths of air with fierce exhilaration. The lungs nature denied you had been provided by rampant mutation. The world beyond was a strange one, with shocking blue sky and unrelenting white light, but it wasn't lethal. Perhaps here you would find food, perhaps even others like yourself.

The first land you came upon was a great hill of rock and sand that jutted up from the ocean. It was inhabited by tiny soft creatures, mites who swarmed through bright, blocky nests and went into a frenzy when you approached out of curiosity. Some of them began making sparks that stung you like needles, and when they'd persisted in their senseless assault, you became angry. . . and the fire in your stomach went white-hot.



The night  
Full of sound and light  
And people who all  
Are desperately maintaining  
The pretence  
That they're having  
A Good Time.  
The girl he's dancing  
With  
Imagines  
Him to be someone  
Else.  
He'd really  
Prefer  
To be  
Somewhere  
Else  
But he has  
Convinced  
Himself  
That he loved her.  
And so it goes on  
Just a waste  
Only a pity.

Peter Locock  
History III

# The Root of All Evil

If money really causes sin  
I support the GST—  
thanks to Wilson I may win  
a soul of piety.

Trevor N. Dekort

You were disturbed by this encounter. For some reason you'd expected the surface world to be different from the endless battle of the deeps. Why had the tiny swarmlings attacked you? Surely they realized they were too puny for you to be interested in them as food.

Your confusion was forgotten when you spied the shape swimming on the horizon, many miles out to sea. Though your weak eyes couldn't make out details, you could see that it was moving, and thus alive. Could it be? You had almost given up on ever finding a mate. True, the creature had an odd greyish sheen, but of what importance was such a minor difference?

You plunged into the ocean and swam after the receding creature as swiftly as your bulk would allow, but the other was almost as fast as you. You might never have caught up if, several hours later, the other hadn't come to a halt in the shallows of a huge island.

Your enthusiasm mounted as you waded into the harbour. It was only slightly blunted when you saw that the island was encrusted with more of the colourful, angular structures that the tiny swarmlings had seemed to favour. Perhaps the other creature had discovered a way to coexist with the nasty things.

But when you got close enough to see the other clearly your fascination shrivelled into shock. Swarmlings infested her, crawling in, out, all over her wierdly streamlined form. Finally it dawned on you—the grey thing wasn't a member of your species, wasn't even a living thing, was merely some sort of shell the soft ones used for transport.

The blueness above was deaf to your howls of rage and loneliness. You'd been a fool to think you might find a kindred soul above or below the water. You were alone, a misfit, a freak, a monster, unfit to reproduce, condemned to a solitary death by starvation.

Pass me a cup, goodman;  
My heart is heavy,  
and my head must balance.  
Your best, if you will;  
My sorrows are keen swimmers,  
But I'll see them drowned by morn.  
There is a chill tonight  
These tatters cannot keep.  
A taper for my pipe, if't please you.  
It rains as though the sky grows wise,  
And strives to wash us from the earth.  
Another cup, and another coin, if't please you.

Zafar Faquih

# Those Old Houses Near Where I Live

Coffins in the darkness cast shadows on the street,  
housing haunts of spirits past,  
just behind the windows' glass,  
where the shadows and the darkness in the coffins comes to meet.

Just beyond the twilight of the streetlights' gentle glow,  
in the caskets rest the honoured guests;  
though some were evil all are blessed  
beyond the streetlights, by the twilight in the yards  
arranged in rows.

The parents and the children phantom  
long forgotten plots;  
ghosts among the aging trees,  
the fading paint, the rotting eaves—  
timeless tenants of the graves composed  
in the ancient city  
blocks.

Trevor N Dekort  
Arts III

# Portrait

the prof looks out the window

she's a Ph.D.  
in soliloquy

Trevor N. Dekort  
Arts III

In your misery, you didn't notice the buzzing things until they were orbiting tight circles around you. They chattered and spat sparks, and rows of pain needled our head and shoulders. One swooped in close, chittering, and your left eye exploded into black.

With a roar of startled pain, you clawed out at the flyers, but they were too fast, they darted out of your reach and circled behind to lance pain into your back. Once again, you had to let the fire scorch up your throat. A gout of flame engulfed two of your attackers.

The others hesitated, and retreated back towards the swarming hives on the island. You charged after them, berserk with agony and bewilderment. Perhaps you should have welcomed this return to mindless strife, but your cursed intelligence was still at work, even in this fury. Why had they attacked you without provocation? Was there as little reason at work above the waves as there was beneath them?

You crashed into the great chunky hives. The constructions were fragile, crumbling at a swipe of your claws. The flying things returned in greater numbers, buzzing and stinging, but here they were more confined. You swatted them out to the sky, burnt them to flaming comets, dashed them to the earth with hunks of the buildings.

But now your body ached all over with a hundred pinpoint injuries that only inflamed your madness further. Overriding your brain's feeble protests, you thundered into the nesting grounds, smashing structures on either side with your claws, your teeth, your tail. Squeaking mobs of the soft ones ran from their collapsing homes, and you burnt them or stamped them into the ground. Your rage seemed to go on forever—

There was a loud pop that sent pain rocketing through your side, and the last of your fury evaporated. Turning to face the new threat, you saw half a dozen

swarming shells, crablike in appearance, sparking and popping in sequence, blasting invisible spears through your flesh. You gushed flame at them till they melted to cherry slag.

But there were already more arriving, along with more buzzing flyers, and things that twisted through the air almost too fast to see, and who knew what else. You shouldn't have come ashore, you should have left the tiny soft ones to their insanity. But what did it matter? You would have died soon enough of starvation anyway.

Needles stitched up and down your side, your belly, your face, your back. You smashed flyers, crushed shells, spewed flame everywhere, but it wasn't enough. The swarmlings kept coming. You heard a whistling sound, and your good eye flared and burst, leaving you in a dark, dark place where pain lost its meaning.

You remember longing for the food chain's idiot violence. You wonder why. Now it seems sad and futile. In a world without communication, in a world of unending fear and death, where was the purpose of life?

You shake your head to clear it of these foolish thoughts; surely awareness is a worse torment than any physical injury. Blind, you tumble on through the city, your hide smoking, blood streaming from a thousand wounds. Though the fire inside is cold ash now, you keep striking out to destroy. Perhaps one day light the light that changed you will come again, and all living things, even the swarmlings, would turn into monsters. Then—perhaps—communication could begin, and understanding. Perhaps—

But for now, you sag to your knees, hearing rather than feeling the stings as they punch through your scales.

Perhaps one day...but it will have to be another day. You tilt your head back to loose one last roar of defiance, and the swarmlings crush in from all sides, from every side.

by Jason Kapalka



# Luna

The light burns low.  
The candle's slow,  
Dancing spirit enters my heart as the  
tangerine sun melts.  
I take my bow and realize  
It is the night that frees her bondage.

Her eyes startle me  
Eyes that define all the sadness and  
mystery of Luna,  
So distant, so ravishing, so personal, so  
timeless.  
"Don't let the Moon break your heart,"  
she exhales,  
As she leaves me to shiver  
Into the silent, awakening dawn.

The sun shines.  
I think how it breaks my heart, and  
Imprisons her to that silent chasm  
She is whisked away,  
A flash of silver,  
A chariot of mist,  
The Moon,  
The dawn.

Long shadows fall  
From bastion walls,  
And with them hope grows,  
Desire seeds,  
Sprouts;  
The night flower blossoms.

She takes my life with my love:  
Slowly she drains my existence.  
She is like a leech of the night, the  
Moon's tick.  
She is a leech whose blood is love and  
Whose murky swamp is the midnight.  
She takes me freely and I offer no  
resistance.  
I grow weak, still I crave her.  
She is a fix and I am fixed.  
God I crave her.  
She is an addiction.

I fear I have no more.  
This sunset I enjoy, for it is the last.  
I want not for the sun, it shall not come  
I am so weak and so very tired, yet I have  
the strength.  
One last fix oh tired horse, one last night,  
One last, last, last...at last Luna,  
At last.

She wakes me and relieves this delirium  
then  
Beckons me with a smile.  
Her downy breasts are painted,  
Deathly white, they are perfection.

She hides nothing and takes all.  
She is honest: she warned, "Don't let the  
moon..."

Her touch shivers me,  
Each cell a thousand orgasms. Wait.  
Lust.  
I want to devour her,  
To drink her,  
To love her,  
To thrash her...

She has devoured me.  
I lay, unable to move.  
She smiles, her teeth perfect,  
Opal, agate,  
Death glistens on her smiles:  
That Jacob's ladder can not reach.

I toil at the mindless tasks that are  
required and  
Live a thousand days,  
In, in—out at dusk.

With the coolness of the night,  
The Earth sweats its sweet cologne;  
Love's sweat,  
Lovers sweat.  
Sweat beads under the selfish sun and is  
carelessly cast away,  
But under the moon, sweat is a gift.  
It is love's sweet works reward,  
Aphrodite's reign, Aphrodisia's wet kiss,  
Beads of transparent emotion.

I glance through the quivering candle to  
find  
My midnight treasure;  
How I long to be buried deep within the  
night,  
Deeper and deeper still.

Her eyes haunt me.  
She is the white witch of the black night.  
She is half dead, but  
I know her only in her glory,  
Walking—gliding with the night  
breeze—into my wanting arms.

Her eyes hold all the truths and all the  
lies  
Of all men, all women,  
All lovers, all nuns,  
All preachers, all whores,  
All truths, all lies.

Her lips are a symphony of the  
dangerous night,  
The wolf, the bat.  
Stars glisten on her breasts, and from  
them,  
They fade to mine.  
She is the night,  
The wolf,  
The bat.  
She comes softly,  
Luna.

I have not slept, I need not sleep.  
I sense the day; my heart groans and  
groans.  
"Don't let the moon break your heart,"  
she whispers,  
Her lips motionless.  
Her smile leaves me cold.  
"You let the moon break your heart."

I let the moon break my heart...

Grant J. Venables  
Education IV



They got enough to kill me even if I was a  
cat  
But I just try not to think about that.

Family runs thick and deep in blood.  
How sad a fatal heart attack spells relief;  
Leaving all in the blood of tears  
Yet the indisputable bonds of grief.

Don't you see the atrocity  
Only wanting the right to die normally?  
To expire when your meters quit,  
Not in the flash of an atom's split.

They got enough to kill me even if I was a  
cat  
But I just try not to think about that.

Pamela Smith



## life lines

of all my days and nights  
i remember all  
yet nothing!  
but i know i have lived

my heart pumping with life will  
i know  
one day cease and  
no longer will i be  
but i look at my hands  
and all the lines engraved  
in my palms are but  
laugh - lines around eyes  
age - lines on faces

and somehow  
somehow  
i know  
my lines will run on and on and  
never end

i pick up a book, a chair, a rose and feel  
its  
trembling, pulsing life  
beneath my hands and  
i know  
i am that book, that chair, that rose:  
we are one  
trembling life held tight  
by lines

i reach out to you  
my hand  
knowing i have nothing to offer but an  
empty palm  
full of life  
tightly i grasp yours  
our fingers laced  
life entwined

oh! i know!  
i but close my eyes and listen to my heart  
and  
i remember a thousand lives  
held tightly in our hands

oh, yes! i know!  
i remember all  
yet nothing  
but i know i have lived!  
liliana d. lypse

## But I've Still Got Plenty of Change

But I've Still Got Plenty Of Change...  
Had a drunken argument 'bout our  
identity,  
And I woke up this morning with my head  
between my knees.  
But I managed to push myself out of bed  
To catch the last gossamer red the sun  
would shed.

I stretched out long and clicked the radio  
on  
And thought, "Allright, another great  
day!"  
But after the end of a romantic song  
The news grated in and the feeling  
slipped away.

They've got enough to kill me even if I  
was a cat  
But I just try not to think about that.

When I was twelve I'd ask myself—  
Why get out of bed this week?  
Twelve years old but far from sold  
On the concept of the inheriting meek.

Now I'm older and I have learned  
The more you cook up, the more you get  
burned.  
I laughed off "global self-help" schemes  
And bury myself in half-assed dreams.



# ENTERTAINMENT

## Levinson's Americana tribute top-heavy

*Avalon*

Barry Levinson, director  
starring Aidan Quinn, Elizabeth Perkins, Armin Mueller-Stahl and Joan Plowright  
Tri-Star

by Warren Ketter

The immigrant's plight in that wondrous land of opportunity and freedom known as America has always been a subject of enormous fascination in Hollywood. This topic enables audiences to relive a time when America was alive with potential and good old-fashioned family values. It is from this sentimental perspective of American history that writer-director Barry Levinson composed his latest film, *Avalon*.

Fresh from the Oscar success of *Rain Man*, Levinson has returned to the semi-autobiographical mode that produced *Tin Men* and *Diner*. Yet *Avalon* represents a much more ambitious and epic step over Levinson's more typical small-scale, low-key stories. In *Avalon*, he audaciously attempts to trace the growth and disintegration of the classic American family. Using his own family as a model, Levinson traces the history of the Krichinsky clan, following the lifespan of its patriarch Samuel.

Of course, the major problem with any autobiography is the tendency to romanticize the past in a sentimental, nostalgic portrait. Despite Levinson's best attempts, this film still somehow sinks into the syrupy quagmire. The flashback sequences evoke a sentimental bias in every viewer.

Relax though, all is not lost — there is much to enjoy in *Avalon*. One gift Levinson brings to all his films is a wonderful ear for dialogue. The film is full of genuine, colourful exchanges between characters that seem meaningless and trivial yet somehow capture the nuances



(l. to r.) Eva and Sam Krichinsky (Joan Plowright and Armin Mueller-Stahl), their daughter-in-law, Ann (Elizabeth Perkins), son, Jules (Aidan Quinn)

of everyday conversation. There is a similar note of truth in the exceptional performances of Armin Mueller-Stahl (as Sam Krichinsky) and Joan Plowright (as his wife).

The most stunning aspect of this film is the brilliant cinematography of Allen Davian. The sequence that opens the film, young Sam's first sight of America on the 4th of July beneath fireworks in the

like this, when the film is at its best, that are ultimately the problem with *Avalon*.

Because Sam's flashbacks are filtered through his own romantic glorification of the past, the film's last half hour becomes sombre and humourless, creating far too stark a contrast with the rest of the film. Levinson does this deliberately, to make an indictment on the loss of the family night sky, is breath-taking full-screen

splendour. Ironically, it is in segments institution in modern America, but the overall effect is too heavy-handed to sustain the film. Levinson's sentimental didacticism detracts from the rest of the film. What he leaves the viewer is not a subtle piece of cultural criticism but a longing for the false warmth and simplicity he successfully evokes in *Avalon*'s first 90 minutes.

## The burning bush of rock and roll

*Mojo's a man with a mission*

by Jim Knutsen, Michael Chevalier and Mike Evans

Friday night at Dinwoodie Lounge, the travelling Chautauqua of the Right Reverend Mojo Nixon, pastor, preacher and personal, modern-day, electrified evangelist infused this campus with a religious experience of another kind. Before beginning his serenading sermon, Mojo demanded the lights be shone on his people so he could observe the faithful and they, in return, could express their admiration. And the crowd responded, speaking in tongues: Mojo! Mojo! Mojo!

Although the first song, "Destroy All Lawyers," was something of a surprise — you see, Mojo isn't touring with The Venerable Skid Roper and his illuminated washboard anymore — the crowd swiftly adjusted to the amplified frenzy of Mojo's new band, *The Toadlickers*.

And Mojo and the Toadies raised the dead.

Any worries of the unwashed multitude that the minister of mayhem might be mainstreaming his mission were quickly dispelled by a killer unit of guitar, bass, drums and piano. And of course, all the material was vintage Mojo.

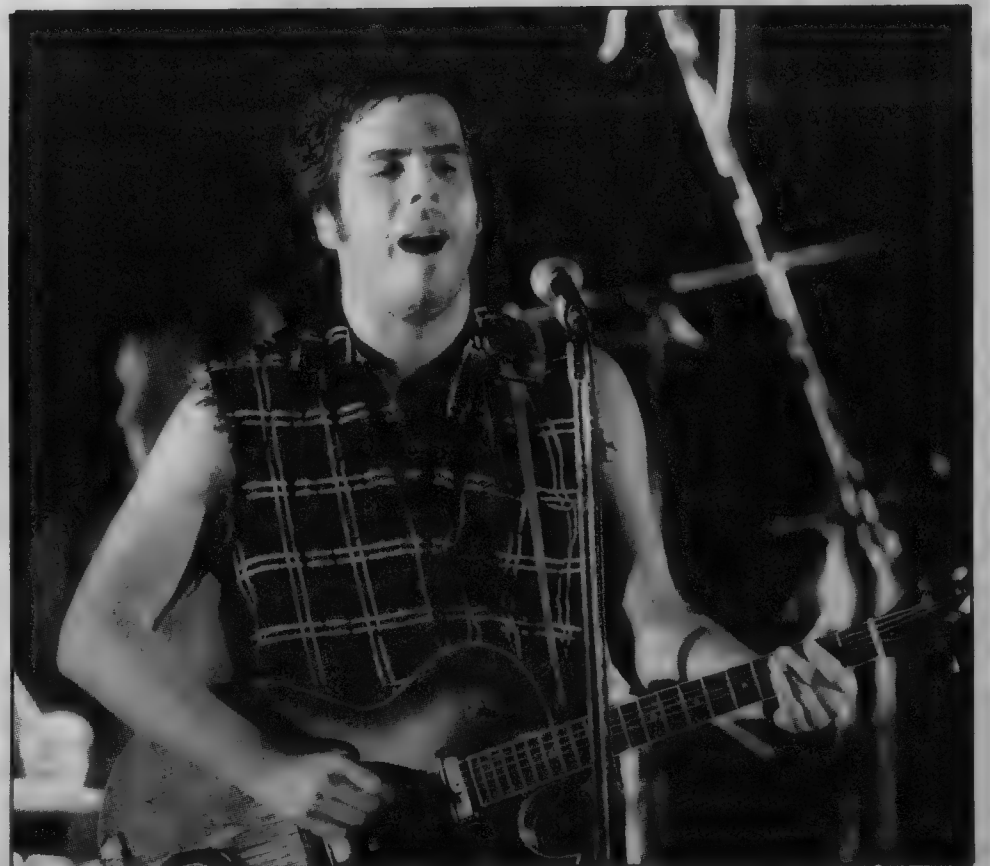
What might have been ordinary rock and roll in support of anybody else was transubstantiated by Mojo into 4/4 gospel of the ginchiest kind. The Reverend Mojo Nixon of the Church of the Electric Elvis led the faithful gathered at Dinwoodie into the amazing Graceland of "Elvis is Everywhere" and manifest religious devotion to the only musician that really matters. Voices in unison proclaimed "Elvis is everywhere! Elvis is everything! Elvis is everybody! Elvis is still the King!"

Mojo's tunes are far more than simple anti-establishment hymns to debauchery and drunkenness — Mojo's music is a plaintive plea to his fans and to the music mainstream to relax, kick back, take the establishment and its music with a grain of salt. How else do you explain such lyrical expressions as "Debbie Gibson is Pregnant With My Two-Headed Love Child" and "Burn Down the Malls" (in Edmonton? Oooo, karma baby!)? How else do you explain Mojo's heartfelt wish to drag Milli and Vanilli to Germany to "sheer off their hair"?

Amen Mojo. Hallelujah!

Any chance of a second coming?

Jim thanks Meffy and Jen



Mojo's conviction ain't got nothin' to do with sin

Rons Sears



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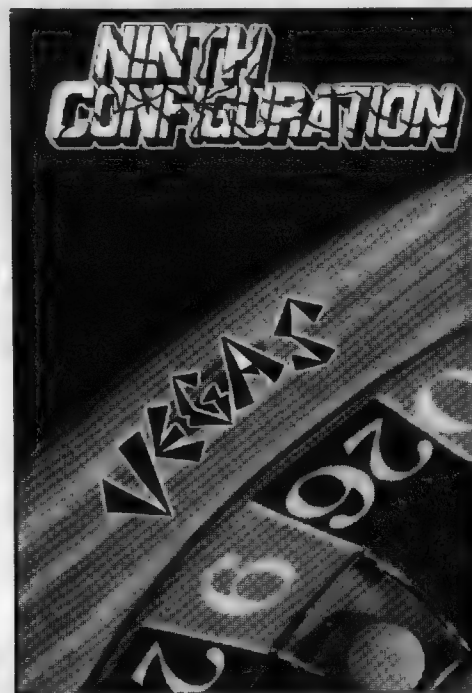
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## The Audiophile



Ninth Configuration figure to impress

Terry Williams



Vegas  
Ninth Configuration  
Chaos Recordings

Vegas is Calgary's based Ninth's Configuration's first full length effort, weighing in at ten songs. Fast-paced, upbeat rock and roll is the vehicle this cow town quintet has chosen to make their mark. From the opening act, to the final cut, the listener is subjected to clean, tight vocals with quality vocals and harmonizing. An abundance of hooks keeps things interest and the whole package has a polished sound.

Cuts such as "Happy" and "Afterall" focus on an upbeat vein while tracks such as "4 Wheel" and "Then and Now" are energetic, fun songs that maintain listenability.

What may be un appealing to some is that the album is decidedly low on raunch. There is no swearing, screaming, feedback or fuzz. Just straight ahead rock and roll. Those that desire jazzy or bluesy overtones may not be too interested in this formula, although it wouldn't hurt to try it out.

If all else fails, Vegas is worth to pick up just so one can get to know the material for when Ninth Con. comes to town (about every month and a half). The added rawness omnipresent in live concerts, mixed with the band's slick stage

presence, makes the songs come alive. Such was the case when this band played with Agent Orange— and basically stole the show, judging from spectator response. If these boys keep up the effort, the shape of things to come is good and "Vegas" being a fine starting point.

Terry Williams

### Room to Roam The Waterboys Chrysalis/Ensign Records

When the Waterboys started making records back in the early '80's, all their albums sported sombre, black-and-white photographs of lead singer Mike Scott, shrouded in shadows, brooding over his instruments. It's probably significant that their newest album, *Room to Roam*, breaks with that tradition by giving us a full-colour picture of the entire band whooping it up on a ride at an amusement park, because *Room to Roam* continues the pattern set in their last release, *Fisherman's Blues*, by forgoing their dark, poetry-rock sound in favour of a much sunnier, more folk-influenced one.

*Room to Roam*'s seventeen songs are split more or less evenly between original songs and arrangements and imitations of traditional folk songs and reels. Probably the most successful of the latter is "The Raggle Taggle Gypsy", a wonderful ballad about a noble lady who runs away from her home with a travelling gypsy, only to be pursued by her uncomprehending husband. But the real strenght of the album are several lovely Mike Scott originals. Few songwriters have a way with a rhyme like Scott — in songs like "In Search of a Rose" or "How Long Will I Love You?", his sentiments seem to naturally flow into the rhymes that end them.

A similar effect can be heard on "A Man Is In Love," and eloquent little love song whose accompanying instrumentation slowly builds throughout its three small verses, only to burst out at the end into an instrumental reel, "Kaliop House", which seems like a perfect, joyful completion to the lyrics that have come before it. The album is never less than amiable — it even ends with the band singing a rollicking version of George MacDonald's poem "Room to Roam" to a beat that sounds like the music from a slightly lopsided carousel.

*Room to Roam* does not quite reach the heights of *Fisherman's Blues*, which was a bit more unbridled (the songs were more about passion than romance), but few other albums I've heard lately made me grin as widely and as often as this one.

by Paul Matwychuk

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**Raging Silence**  
**Uriah Heep**  
**Enigma**

Uriah Heep has been described as "the nadir of 70s metal." If you're not exactly sure exactly what a nadir is, spending an hour with their new album will persuade

that it is, indeed, the lowest point, and that 20 years have not knocked the Heep from this prestigious position.

To be fair, the album has a few things going for it. The lyrics for the most part avoid the phallogcentric bragging of your usual metal bands, and there are one or two good songs here, especially "Blood Red Roses," and you soon find yourself wishing there were more. When the Heep performs their originals we begin to move into *Spinal Tap* territory. Let's see, we've got a heavy metal anthem about a defecting Soviet figure skater; a hilariously straight-faced ode to mean LA police who don't no crap from punks ("A tough cop has a lonely existence / A reputation of the highest resistance"); and the mindbogglingly stupid chorus to "More Fool You (More Fool Me)", which I will leave to your imagination.

Lead singer Bernie Shaw's voice is capable of ranging from harsh macho wailing to really harsh macho wailing, and the other musicians display similar versatility. Particularly amusing are Phil Lanzon's keyboards, which manage to sound dinky and overblown at the same time.

If you have a real sweet tooth for pretentious brain-damaged 70s prog-metal you may well want to check this out. Otherwise, it's probably funnier to think about than to listen to.

Jason Kapalka

## Beauty returns

**Alberta Ballet Company**  
**Jubilee Auditorium**  
**Wednesday, October 24**

by Robert McCarthy

There should be something timeless about a ballet; something that should evoke similar emotions from the patrons of each passing age. The Alberta Ballet Company in performing their first programme of the season, enabled us to view two very different forms of ballet — the beautiful and the repugnant.

The repugnant side of ballet is one which reflects the era in which we live, and has flourished particularly within the latter half of our century. The two ballets that opened the programme, *Symphony of Psalms* and *Cereus*, acted as a wonderful ode to the contradictory nature of modern ballet. Modern ballet is akin to every other form of modern art and, as such, is worth as little acknowledgement as possible. Yet, how anybody can be as pathetically averse to the basic principles of balletic art as to produce something so distastefully contradictory as the *Symphony of Psalms* is totally beyond comprehension.

Following the final pelvic thrust of the abovementioned travesty, the true beauty of ballet managed to shine through in the form of *Continuo* and the feature of the evening, *Graduation Ball*.

The choreography of *Continuo* was perfectly aligned with the sweet serenity of Pachelbel's *Canon for Strings in D Major*, and the dancers who brought this music to life did so with such precision and grace that the horrible spectacle too fresh

in the memory faded into the form of a nightmarish dream. The finale of the evening emphasized just how debased our culture, in contrast, really has become.

The fairy-like elegance of *Graduation Ball* warmly reflected the charm of classic ballet while displaying the values and ideals of an age sadly lost to us. Through an authentic reproduction of the original performance, the dancers were able to capture the true essence of ballet, and enable us to gaze into an age we never knew. The splendour of the costumes, the tender music, and the subtle charms of a simple story give a timeless appeal to *Graduation Ball* by admitting us, if only briefly, to a world where beauty remains.

The Alberta Ballet Company has developed into an excellent organization, and though somewhat misguided, the dancers are generally superb by Edmonton standards. As an added incentive to attend the ballet, Edmonton has a unique element that clearly stamps its identity on every evening — it is not absolutely imperative to show up properly, or even decently, attired. No, in fact there are generally scores of people — presumably the modern ballet fans, those balletomanes — who feel content to show up looking like testaments to bad taste. Don't be too concerned by your lousy appearance when attending the ballet; you will have plenty of company.

The annual Christmastime ballet *The Nutcracker* will be performed from the 18th to the 23rd of December.

## Local jazz

**Quintet Northwest**  
**Yardbird Suite**  
**Friday, October 26**

by Stephen Yi

The expectations that would normally accompany a local jazz band such as *Quintet Northwest* can be considered minimal at best. I mean, let's face it: if they were really any good at all, why would they be playing Edmonton?

Well, I must admit that my reservations about the municipal jazz scene were quickly, soundly and delightfully quashed by *Quintet Northwest's* superlative effort last Friday night.

The group roster consists of Kevin Elashuk on trumpet and flugelhorn, P. J. Perry on saxophone, Chris Sigerson on piano, Mike Lent played bass, and Mike Gillespie on drums, and although they were lukewarm to start, this band finished red-hot and cooking.

The evening opened with a rather ordinary and uninspired number called "A Blues for Christine," written by the quintet's Kevin Elashuk. However, after this disappointing start, they really took off with "Half-Demented," a be-bop tune that presaged a fine concert.

A smooth and soothing rendition of Sam River's ballad "Beatrice" was followed by a lush bossa nova number entitled "Lee's Song" and quickly established *Quintet Northwest* as a band capable of playing a full range of jazz themes. The quintet concluded the first of three sessions with Sonny Rollins' immortal be-bop composition "Pent Up House." Mike

Gillespie's machine gun drums came on like cannon fire while P. J. Perry nearly blew me out of my seat with his frenetic solo work on saxophone.

The quintet's second session commenced with another be-bop number, Jackie McLean's "Blue Rhondo," a song which started dismally plain but was literally jump-started and powered to a fulfilling finish by Perry's consistently irresistible saxophone and Mike Lent's bass which pleased and intrigued.

For the rest of the evening *Quintet Northwest* slickly orchestrated and combined a series of warm, comfortable ballads with roof-shaking be-bop, highlighted by two more Elashuk compositions called "Crossing" and "Bankshot." "Crossing" was particularly intriguing, its breezy be-bop theme segueing brilliantly into a deft bossa nova chorus to produce a rhythm that swung and swung hard.

"Bankshot," on the other hand, was a mundane piece made exceptional by individual solo efforts that were truly inspired.

*Quintet Northwest* can play and play hard and exhibits the full spectrum of jazz genres. While be-bop was consistently pounded out with fervour, jazz ballads were treated with enough subtlety to be rendered soft and mellow. The quintet was particularly blessed by the outstanding individual performances of P. J. Perry, Mike Lent and Mike Gillespie. All three played dynamically and were a sheer delight to watch and listen to.

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# Hellacious hallowe'en Graveyard piece o' . . .



"No, really, don't hurt me! Look! I don't have any cavities — I've been a good boy! Why, this isn't even really a shovel that I'm hiding behind my back, because, you see, I wouldn't really do you any harm, even if you are incredibly ugly and a poor excuse for a house pet. Really! Please, don't, no ... aaaaaagh!"

**Graveyard Shift**  
Ralph Singleton, director  
starring David Andrews, Stephen Macht, Kelly Wolf(?)  
Paramount

by Jason Kapalka

By my count, *Graveyard Shift* is the eighteenth(!) Stephen King inspired movie. You'd think by now they would have learned how to do it right.

Based (very loosely) on a story from King's *Night Shift* collection, the film's premise *could* have worked. A number of graveyard shift workers at a decrepit textile mill in Maine are assigned to clean out the mill's vermin-infested basement, where, along with several million bloodthirsty rats, they discover something else that's really mean. The acting is pretty good and the sweaty, claustrophobic confines of the mill are well realized but that's not enough to carry the film.

Unfortunately, it soon becomes apparent that nothing much actually happens. Gratuitous characters pop up every ten minutes or so to get munched by the basement monster; but nobody else seems to notice or care. Brad Dourif is on hand as an entertainingly psychotic exterminator whose head gets gratuitously crushed. Kelly Wolf plays hero David Andrews' gratuitous love interest. Assorted other semi-knowns play other assorted louts, sluts and idiots, all of them gratuitous as well. In fact, it would be hard to find many elements in this film that are not gratuitous; stripped of all its

subplots, tangential digressions and superfluous characters, the film would probably last about fifteen minutes.

After about an hour of gratuitous jabbering and sweating (everyone sweats buckets in this film), the workers finally get down into the dark bowels of the mill, and the movie abruptly stops being turgid and starts getting stupid. The grimy and realistic appearance of the upper mill is discarded in favour of styro-foam caves that could have come right out of *The Goonies*, with extra dry ice. Oh yeah, there's also some kind of critter that looks like a giant, skinless bat/rat hybrid, but since it's shown so infrequently (and briefly at that), I'll have to wait for the video to freeze-frame and make sure.

All I'll say about the ending is that it rips off *The Terminator*, uses about sixty pounds of raw hamburger, and provides a gratuitous slow-motion plug for Diet-Pepsi. If you've been anxiously anticipating a cinematic climax with these qualities, well, enjoy.

Stephen King, to his credit, was not involved with the film's screenplay or direction, which must instead be blamed on first-timers John Esposito and Ralph Singleton. If you're a die-hard King fan, you'll probably see this film no matter what you read in this review. But if you're a die-hard King fan, you probably also got suckered by *Maximum Overdrive*, *Children of the Corn* and *Creepshow*. *Graveyard Shift* resembles those dogs more than it does, say, *The Shining* or *Carrie*.

Remember: you have been forewarned.

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# hijinks

## Difference of opinion . . .

### Scoop . . .

*Night of the Living Dead*  
Tom Savini, director  
starring no one in particular

by Mark Meer

I made a serious mistake when I went to see *Night of the Living Dead*. Not that going to see the movie was a mistake; on the contrary, the movie was just fine. The mistake I made was sneaking take-out Japanese food into the theatre. Trust me, the last thing you want to be eating while watching a screen full of worm-eaten walking corpses is an order of teriyaki beef with sprouts and noodles.

Digestive havoc aside, the 1990 version of George Romero's cult classic gets a definitive thumbs up. This time out the master of splatter, Tom Savini (*The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*), is in the director's chair, and Romero himself co-produces. While the film these gentlemen present isn't exactly high art, it doesn't pretend to be — it asks only that we accept it as a horror movie.

This new *Living Dead* blends elements of the entire *Dead* trilogy: the 1968 original, in addition to *Dawn of the Dead* and *Day of the Dead*. For those unfamiliar with the premises of these films, the bodies of the recently deceased come back to life, filled with an insatiable hunger for living flesh. While the dead may be stupid and slow, there's a whole helluva lot of them, and they just keep coming. In *Night of the Living Dead*, Barbara (Patricia Tallman) and her brother Jim visit their mother's grave. Of course, a cemetery is an ideal place to encounter a freshly-risen corpse and the fun begins.

The-holed-in-a-farmhouse-with-no-way-out-and-zombies-surrounding-the-place-and-just-a-few-shotguns-between-us scenario typical of these movies is played out, and there's the added treat of seeing a redneck anti-zombie squad in action ("Pass me a brew, Billy-Bubba. I got me another one a them ugly buggers in m'sights").

*Night of the Living Dead* is definitely a good bet if you're looking for a flick this Hallowe'en season with plenty of thrills and chills. The action slows somewhat after the first fifteen minutes or so, but this allows the audience to recover from



These characters thought they might crash a little party

the shocker of the opening and to figure out what is going on.

There are some gory scenes, but don't let them scare you away. This movie is a

worthy adaptation of its original and could even inspire a new *Dead* movie — the remake of the sequel! Happy Hallowe'en y'all.

"The movie was just fine."  
"Watching it is a fate worse than death."  
"One would expect a gore-fest climax, but no! The movie just ends."  
"While the dead may be stupid and slow, there's a whole helluva lot of them."  
"Maybe Savini thought we were too stupid to notice."  
"Definitely a good bet if you're looking for a flick with plenty of thrills and chills."  
"They should have left it six feet under."



. . . poop

by Greg Paraniuk

*Night of the Living Dead* is absolutely the worst film I have ever seen. Watching it is "a fate worse than death," just like the ads proclaim. Admittedly, the film jumps right into the plot, if you can call it that, and there are a few genuine jolts in the first 20 minutes. However, movie make-up guru Tom Savini shows he knows as much about directing as Stephen King did with *Maximum Overdrive*.

The story, taken from the original 1968 film, tells the inspired tale of zombies that terrorize seven people hiding in an old farmhouse. That's it. No explanation of the zombies' menace is given. There are no plot twists and little rising action. Our heroes struggle to keep the zombies out. Period. With the number of unintentionally hilarious moments, it was difficult to tell whether Savini was making a comedy or a serious horror film. I suppose if it was a comedy, the zombies would deliver wisecracks instead of just grunting. The film was as predictable as a *Flintstones* background. There was no suspense except for wondering when the movie would end. Once you've seen 20 or so zombies, you've seen them all. One would expect, after small doses of cinematic guts, Savini would go for a gore-fest climax to satisfy a hungry audience, but no! The movie just ends.

The acting is more juvenile than TV's *Kids in the Hall* and almost as funny. I'm not talking about the zombies, sure to be recognized on Oscar night, but the central actors. Either the overreact or they underreact, and their dialogue is amazingly immature. The female lead, perhaps the most complete character, is reduced to shedding her clothes and providing the movie's only legitimate suspense: will she or won't she show skin? If that wasn't sexist enough, she is later humiliated by a bunch of roughnecks in the woods.

You might be saying, "There must have been some awesome effects." Ha! The first few zombies are well-detailed and suitably gruesome, but by the end of the movie they are merely pale and expressionless, as if there was a sudden shortage of make-up. Maybe Savini thought we were too stupid to notice. The result is a fear-meter reading below Michael Jackson's "Thriller" video.

I'm not saying *Living Dead* should have been thoroughly logical and intelligent, but shouldn't a horror movie at least be sweat-inducing and pulse-escalating? It wasn't even that violent. Isn't the purpose of a remake to improve on the original, as David Cronenberg did with *The Fly*? I can't imagine the original *Living Dead* being worse than this one. They should have left it six feet under.



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# SPORTS

## Hockey Bears trounce T'Birds

by Todd Saelhof  
Bears 4 T'Birds 2  
Bears 7 T'Birds 5

Coming up on the short end of the stick too many times tends to lead to frustration. It's especially true of Terry O'Malley and his fleet of University of British Columbia Thunderbirds. In eleven matches with the University of Alberta Golden Bears since last October, O'Malley's ice troops have drawn the short end on nine occasions, including a pair in last season's Canada West semi-final.

"They have a tradition here, and they seem to know how to pull the magic out of the bag," O'Malley said.

Once again, the Bears hounded their way to a two game sweep over the tussling T'Birds. Friday night's 4-2 victory and Saturday evening's 7-5 rematch gave the Bears a four and zero Canada West record, while the Birds win-loss stat evened up at two apiece. Scores and standings aside, however, both squads used the stick to show no love-lost exists between the two contenders.

"I think there was a little bit of mean spirit, which is too bad because generally these are great games in the long run. But there was a high-stick carried over into tonight," O'Malley said following Saturday's feisty tilt.

The high stick in question was Bear Marty Yewchuk's. The talented centerman laid out Edmonton product Kevin Hoffman in a second period collision in front of the T'Bird bench. For his act, Yewchuk drew the its of all the Birds Saturday night, including an undetected spear from Hoffman himself. Needless to say, the third year Bear did not take kindly to all the attention.

"It got them emotionally into the game in one sense, but there was a fair amount of animosity built up," O'Malley added.

Indeed emotions were running high. In total, the two teams amassed over 120 minutes in penalties. Not bad for a league where fighting is not tolerated. If nothing else, it made for a pretty

heads-up weekend of hockey action.

Friday, the T'Birds jumped into a quick 2-0 first period lead on goals by third year man Dave Cannon and freshman Mike Kennedy. The Bears answered back with a Cory Clouston counter before the Rob Glasgow magic show began.

"It's got to give you a lot of confidence. It helps you relax and not worry about struggling through. It just gives you something less to worry about so you can concentrate on what you're supposed to be doing out there," Glasgow said.

The fifth year forward single-handedly shot the Birds down with both the tying goal and the winning marker. With four minutes left in the first frame, Glasgow worked his way from the corner to slide a low, stick-side shot past UBC goalie Ray Woodley. T'Bird defenseman Kevin Hoffman played toast on the play, being burned by the determined Glasgow after the Bear took the feed from Dave Hingley and rookie Cory Cross.

After a barrage of penalties through ten minutes of the second, eight in all, Glasgow made more magical moves on T'Bird d-men before finding Woodley's five-hole with a wrister from the slot. The junior UBC backstop, who captured player of the week honours for his shutout performance against the tough Regina Cougars last weekend, was definitely a concern of the Bears' snipers coming in. But Glasgow had no problems finding Woodley's number.

"He's a good goalie. He's been keeping them in a lot. This weekend we had the upper edge on him. I think we rattled him a bit because he looked a little nervous at times," Glasgow said.

And why not with Glasgow threatening every time he touched the puck. The Golden Bear had the chance to salt away the game on another beautiful individual effort with seven minutes left in the third, but Glasgow could not find a hook to hang his hat trick on. Instead, the Green and Gold checked the Birds hard in the third to preserve a one goal lead until



Tenacious Bear Steve Young refuses to leave the puck to his UBC opponents.

captain Doug McCarthy wheeled around to fire home an empty netter with just six seconds remaining.

"We kind of wore down after the second period. I'm wondering whether it is the trip or we're as fit as this (Golden Bear) team is," O'Malley said.

Whatever the reason, the T'Birds showed what a good night's rest could do for Saturday's contest, especially in the special teams department. UBC netted all five second game goals with the man advantage, and held the usually dangerous Bear powerplay on three early

first period chances. Again, they dished out the early body to the Bears and showed promise of no giving in to a potentially strong Alberta attack.

Regardless, the Bears skated with the visitors to come away with a two-all tie after twenty minutes. Veteran Dan Wiebe sent a high slot blast past Woodley for the game opener just three minutes in. Two minutes later, Kennedy replied with his second of three weekend goals, flipping a Hank Czenczek rebound over Bear backstop Gavin Armstrong. Rookie sensation Kent Dochuk then

grabbed his league-leading fifth goal of the season on a Glasgow-type walk-out from the corner. The T'Birds, however, tied it up just three minutes before the siren on a counter by Notre Dame product Charles Cooper. Scott Fearn had two chances to give UBC a first frame lead, but Armstrong busted up both breakaways.

A second consecutive night of lacklustre opening periods prompted a prolonged first intermission talk by head coach Bill Moores which cost them a

T'BIRDS — cont. to p21

## Mr. Hockey History



Dan Carle

It is not often that a wanna-be sports journalist/broadcaster such as myself is afforded the chance to interview someone who has really made a difference in the sporting world. This is a

very subjective assessment, but few of the people that I have talked to in the past have really stuck in my mind.

Last Tuesday afternoon a sports broadcasting legend popped into the university, and I got a chance to speak with him. This man has been around and worked with guys like the immortal Foster Hewitt, Ward Cornell, and interviewed Ted Lindsey, The Rocket, Stan Mikita - the greats. Scott Young is a great himself, and I got the chance to talk with him.

Young has just written a book, *The Boys of Saturday Night*,

detailing the inner-workings of Hockey Night in Canada, from the time it was Hockey Radio in Canada to the present. Everyone from Hewitt, to the present broadcasters Bob Cole, Ron MacLean, and of course Don Cherry, is mentioned with a flair that puts real life to the names, and speaks of these people as though they were your next door neighbours.

Young (who is, by the way, rocker Neil Young's dad) is not short of opinions.

He had nothing but high praise for Dave Hodge, the one-time host of HNHC who was fired after

throwing his pencil on camera after the network would not switch to a Montreal Canadiens overtime game in 1987. Hodge has not appeared on the show since then.

He went on to say that today's version of HNHC is too pasteurized, and lacks the vigour that the show in the past had displayed. Hockey Night in Canada has in recent years appeared to have lost some of its magic.

"Dave Hodge was the best they ever had — a real professional plus a real prickly personality. If they ever get a guy as good as

Dave Hodge, I'll be surprised." Red Deer's Ron MacLean replaced Hodge as HNHC host, and has a much different style than his predecessor, a style Young feels is too passive.

"He (MacLean) isn't Dave Hodge. He's too nice a guy. The deal with Cherry is you don't want a nice guy. You want someone to push Don."

It must be in the great Young tradition that if you think something you say it or write a book about it, or write a song. After 35 books *The Boys of Saturday Night* is proof Scott Young is still going strong.



# Panda Classic: Locals make third

by Michael Chow

The Pandas Volleyball team concluded their 1990 pre-season on campus this weekend in the annual three-day Panda Classic. And although the host team finished third in the tournament, head coach Suzi Smith and the coaching staff was not disappointed with the club's effort and overall play. "I was very happy with the girls' performance in all our matches," Smith said, "we were judging our play on what we saw on the court as opposed to what we saw on the scoreboard." The weekend brought two senior teams for the Pandas to tangle with and according to Smith, it was no easy task, "we were playing against some players that have three and four times the amount of experience that our kids have," she noted.

The squad began the competition with a very impressive and energetic victory over Vancouver-based, Gamepoint on Friday night. The Pandas came back from a one game deficit to defeat the blue-shirted visitors in four games. The team was led by the strong setting of rookie, Corey Reinprecht, who Smith says, "is really playing well

and was exceptionally poised and confident." The Pandas were a very cohesive unit and played a very fast-paced match which Smith adds, "was the atmosphere we wanted and worked on in practice all week."

The Pandas attempted to continue their effective strategy against the Edmonton Volleyball Club on Saturday afternoon but were overmatched by the experience of the senior team and fell in three straight games. "I felt we played better on Saturday afternoon than we did on Friday night", Smith stated, "we were playing against a team that was better (than Gamepoint) and we played at a higher level of volleyball, but their experience was just too much to overcome."

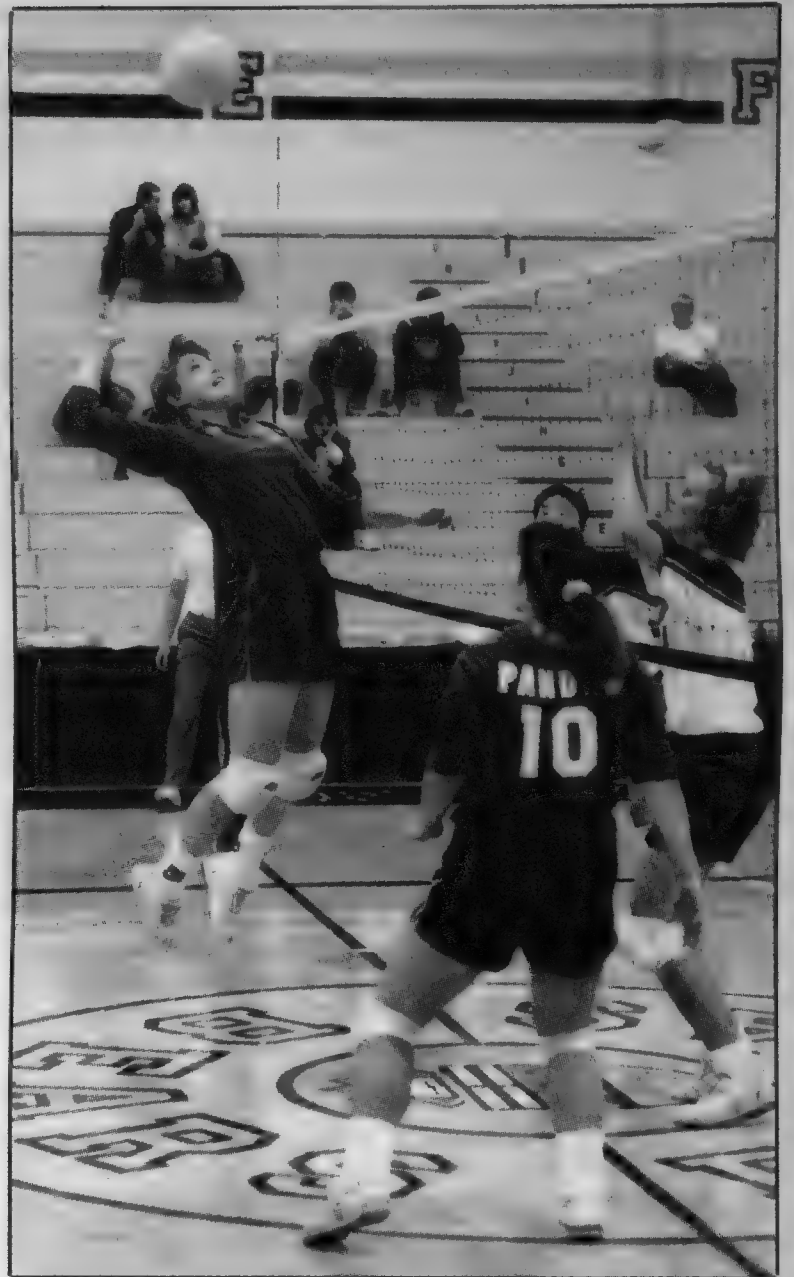
On Saturday night, the Pandas faced Gamepoint once again for the right to meet the EVC in Sunday's final but came up flat in the rematch and were eliminated from the tourney. The Pandas seemed to suffer from a bout of over-confidence and displayed spurts of lackadaisical play. In addition, Gamepoint had upped its game from the previous night which seemed to surprise the Pandas who were

frustrated throughout the match. "The girls had an expectation that they were going to win it and things weren't going their way and as a result were finding it a little difficult to deal with," Smith commented.

However, the loss to Gamepoint does not have Smith worried going into season-opener this coming weekend. "Our whole coaching staff felt that it (the loss) was just a little sign of inconsistency that still exists at this early stage of the season."

The tournament saw the Edmonton Volleyball Club emerge as victors as they defeated Gamepoint in Sunday's final, 3-1.

**DIGS:** The Pandas were once again without fifth-year setter, Colleen Pistawaka who bruised her foot in field hockey practice on Thursday. Smith hopes she will have her quarterback available this weekend.... Smith plays for the EVC in her spare time and was part of the victory on Sunday. She did not play against the Pandas however.... Regular season opens this Saturday in the Main Gym at 7:30 against the University of Lethbridge.



Pandas on their way to third place in the Panda Classic.

# Fans contemptible



Well sports fans, I'm back — and along with those dastardly BC Lions — back in the saddle again. One has to remember that boastful words are easy to spew forth, yet distasteful to eat if uttered in ignorance, so they must be exhaled with humour or extreme confidence. When four short weeks ago I predicted a Lions slaughter over our city's Eskimos, I received more than a bit of flack from sports people on this campus (among them, Bob Stauffer, Dan Carle, and various other comedians who taunted me because of my "uneducated" and "cocky" predictions).

Well "Edmonites," it happened. The Lions did bag, tag, take to market, consume and excrete our fair town's Eskies, and it was by no means a pretty sight. Much as I predicted, the Lions came on strong and took the disoriented Eskimos by the jugular and tore. As one disillusioned Eskimo fan, sitting directly behind me stated, "Who are these guys (last Sunday's Eskimos)? and what did they do with my Eskimos?"

I can't say what happened to the Eskimo Football Club of the

first half of the season, but they were absent during the 30-8 embarrassment at Commonwealth Stadium two Sundays ago. Quite simply, our Edmonton club didn't put in an effort worth paying the price of a ticket for. And I'm sure most of the 31,000 plus in attendance would agree that if this sort of play continues, the Eskimos won't have to worry about hosting the Western semi-finals, let alone the finals. With Calgary currently in first place in the West, it would only take two more Eskimo blunders and two Roughrider wins to put the Eskimos out of any sort of hosting position. When was the last time the Eskimos failed to host at least the semi-finals? When was the last time the Eskies lost four straight?

I think now is the time for some discrete action by the Eskimo coaching staff. Ever hear of a retreat Pops? Ever think of taking your team to the mountains and getting what ever it is that's making our team look like incompetents out and over with? Leave immediately and book yourselves into the Blue Lake Recreation (rehabilitation for your team Mr. Faragalli) Centre. All stay in one big cabin and stay until you have a team ready to play ball, or until the problem team members beat each other into submission or compromise; anything would be better than fielding the same team "faithful" fans had to put up with watching on Sunday.

And speaking of fans, what a bunch of traitors. Granted things have been better for the usually cocky Eskimos, but do fans boo

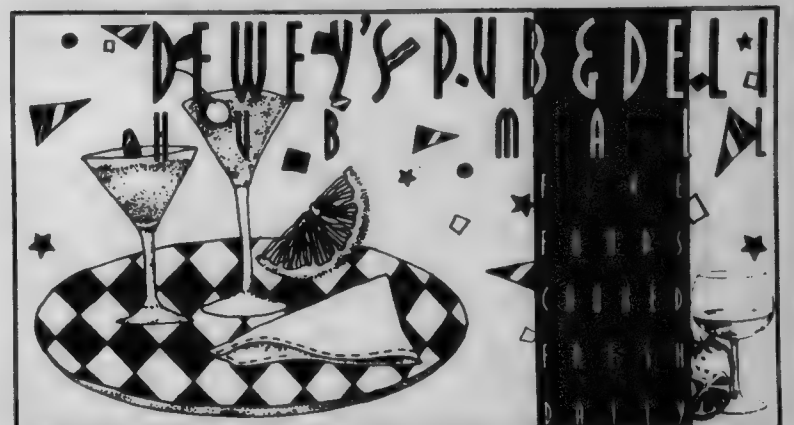
their own team in all parks? Come on Edmonton, what ever happened to sticking with one's team through thick and thin? I don't think Saskatchewan would have reacted like you guys. Perhaps the quality of play by the team was predicted by the quality of the fans in the stands. We can't always win, but we can always stand behind our team.

Last weekend the Tiger Cats visited Edmonton, and we came out en masse, gave our team all the support we could muster, and saw what happens. with the encouragement of faithful fans, a playful wind, and a bit of luck. Perhaps our Eskimo squad — winning team — has reappeared.

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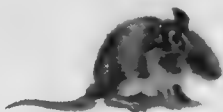


# BBC

- Top Ten faux pas heard when women reporters enter the dressing room.

  - "I'll handle it."
  - "You were just a couple inches away."
  - "No wonder you score so often."
  - "Hey big fella."
  - "I'm a pro...how 'bout you."
- "They all look the same to me."
  - "Fat ones, skinny ones, long ones, short ones."
  - "I've already seen most of them in action anyways."
  - "I can take it deep...on the post pattern."
  - "Wow...these guys sure aren't engineers."

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## Q&A: Tara Croxford



Tara Croxford — sheer determination.

by Dan Pigat

With the upcoming CIAU National Field Hockey Championships being hosted by our own Pandas this weekend, we turn our Q & A focus on Tara Croxford. Currently in her second year with the Pandas, Tara and the rest of the Pandas are enthusiastic about playing in their first National tournament.

**Sports Idol:**

Wayne Gretzky... of course. He's wicked and exciting to watch.

**Best Field Hockey Moment:**

When the Pandas scored against the University of Victoria earlier this year.(ed's note: it was the first time in eight years that the Pandas have scored against them)

**Worst Moment:**

Losing my skirt and running down the field half-naked in a game with the University of Manitoba.

**Favourite Saying:**

Yikes!!

**Thoughts About CIAU Tournament This Weekend:**

It is exciting to be hosts since no one on the team has played in the CIAU's before. The team is

inexperienced but they are ready.

**Fears About This Weekend:** Getting Frostbite.(ed's note: those skirts are short)

**Hobbies:**

Collecting bruises and turf burns.

**Best Partier:**

Sian Davies... she's an animal!!

**Best Nickname:**

Joanne "Wally" Lawrie.

**Best Lid:**

Wally.

**Best Dressed:**

Coach Dru Marshall... our "fashion momma".

**Favourite Hangouts:**

Hitting RATT with Lala... she always scoops the wicked dudes.(ed's note: who is this Lala?!!)

**Heartiest Appetite:**

Bobbi Weiss.

**Best Partied Team On Campus:** Us.

**Favourite Pickup Line:**

I like your outfit... it would look even better on my bedroom floor! (ed's note: she claims only to have heard it and never used it)

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# Soccer Pandas and Bears fall

by Jason Darrah

Pandas 1 UBC 1

Bears 1 UBC 2

Bears 2 Victoria 2

UBC came to town on Saturday and stumped both Green and Gold varsity teams. The Pandas and Bears each saw victory slip from their grasp late in their games.

The Pandas stole one point from UBC with a tie, but this seems too little, too late, especially against the top spot Thunderbirds. Although this was probably the best Panda soccer here, this season, the scoreboard still read 1-1 at the end whistle, and that's what counts.

Back row's Heather Thompson shut down UBC's key striker early and held her scoreless — only the second game this year.

Keeper Louise Stewart kept the Pandas in the game with excellent net minding, while adidas-eurosport player of the game, Shanon Rosenau broke the barrier in the 28th minute and put the U of A in the lead. Late in the second half, UBC finally capitalized on their Kick-and-run style and put the ball in the net.

"Their goal was offside," Panda Coach, Tracy David, argues, contending that "luck just didn't go the Pandas' way."

David was pleased with her squad's performance, noting that they were missing key players Janine Wood and Niki Townsend, and Kelly Vandergrift

was coming off an injury, for Saturday's match, but she can't help thinking about the 70 minutes they were on top.

"We never gave up, and when we got control we showed we were the better team," said David, reiterating that luck played a large part in the outcome.

Many of Edmonton's soccer aficionados showed up for the Bears vs. Thunderbirds battle, and they got what they came for good quality soccer. The skill level was equal to national pro's soccer, especially since there were a raft of former and soon to be pros competing, on either side. The intensity, though, was higher than anything I've seen at Clarke in a while.

The Bears won the first half with at least 75% of the ball control, precise passing, and a goal to boot. In the 44th minute, Paul Walters drove through the final defender, picked up his own rebound off the keeper, and found the open net.

The half time whistle, 30 seconds later, might have taken some steam from the Bears' push, but more probably, it gave UBC vital seconds to regain composure. The second half saw the Thunderbirds bomb the Bears with continual long balls and increased pressure.

In the first half, Victor D'Andrea was able to orchestrate dazzling offensives, but in



Bears didn't get off on the right foot in soccer action.

the second half, UBC closed down the wings, and the quick Bear penetration stalled.

Bears' keeper Dave Hughes shone Saturday, stopping many shots and robbing UBC's Rob Reed of a breakaway sure thing. Only minutes later, however, Reed 'finished' with a volley from a T-bird throw-in. A bar-

rage of corners had the Bears' back row standing on their heads to prevent the tie breaker, but with only minutes to go, their work was all for nothing. An intercepted Bears pass in their third of the field gave Reed another breakaway — this time ending in a goal and ending the game's scoring.

Bears midfielder, and adidas-eurosport player of the game, Jason Bougher created several chances up the middle that could have put the Bears on top with better finish. Bougher commented "(UBC) took us pretty lightly and came out flat, and if we could have put a few

T'BIRDS — cont. from p18

delay of game penalty to start the second.

"Coach likes to tell a lot of stories. He relayed a few intensity builders," said Bears' assistant captain Brett Cox. "He gives us a little wake-up call because we tend to start off a little bit slower. We've got a problem with that this year."

But as the games wore on, Cox and company seemed to turn up the heat. The Bears watched UBC grab a 4-2 lead before finally picking up the slack.

Fearn finally fired one by a stingy Armstrong, and second start Kennedy potted his second of the match for the two-goal advantage two and a half minutes in. Then, the Bears' special teams came to life.

A snakebitten Yewchuk kept the lumber down long enough to

hit a streaking McCarthy for a shorthanded bullseye a 5:02. Six minutes later, with UBC captain Grant Delcourt off for tripping, Cox scooped his own rebound over a downed Woodley. Cross dropped a beautiful pass to big Ian Herbers whose point shot hit traffic and found Cox's blade.

Ninety seconds into the third, Cox played Mr. Opportunity again. This time, the third year Bear knocked a loose puck off Woodley's stick and defenseman Dean Holioen's arm to give the Bears a 5-4 lead. Speedster Todd Goodwin then horned in on the two-goal performances scoring a pair including the eventual winner off a Glasgow rebound. But the night belonged to Cox whose opportunistic goals earned him first star accolades.

"The puck was just bouncing my way. A lot of the credit goes

to our line. Last weekend, we were working hard and I think we got only one goal. This weekend, Rob gets two last night. Goody gets two and I get two. I think it's just a matter of time. You have to show a lot of patience and a lot of work," Cox said.

The Bears certainly showed the patience and work ethic to come from two back for the game two victory, especially amidst the heavy stick work and against the high-spirited T'Bird team.

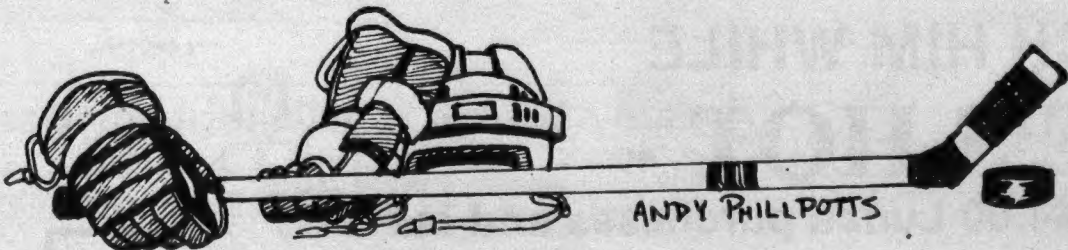
"It sure feels good to beat them. They've only beat us once (in the Dinosaur Invitational) and it didn't really count for anything," Cox said.

BEAR FACTS: Cory Cross, Rick Parranto, and Barclay Pearce all saw their first action of the Canada West regular season. Cross started both games, Parranto replaced another rookie Mike Moore on

the blueline Saturday night, and Pearce got the call for the second game after newcomer Steve Young found penalty trouble Friday night.

CANADA WEST UPDATE: The Saskatchewan Huskies continue to surprise bigtime. The

Dogs trounced their provincial counterparts 9-1 on Friday night. The Brandon Bobcats and the Manitoba Bisons tangled up at four a piece Friday evening. Saturday's rematch saw the Bisons narrowly escape with a 5-4 win.



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Summer Managers  
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4:00 pm - Thursday - November 1  
ROOM 281 CAB or PHONE: 438-5535

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The University Hospitals Foundation is currently recruiting part-time, evening positions to assist in our fundraising campaign which begins at the end of October. Good pay, great location on campus and a very worthy cause. Flexible hours and free parking with escort to car and bus stop.

For more information contact the Foundation at: 492-4302

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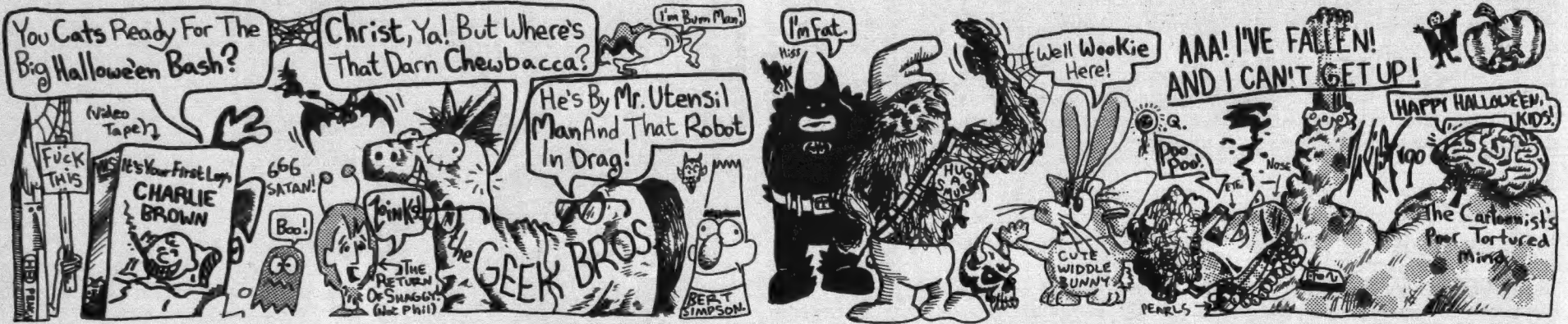
Reverse: "Hangin Tough" Illustration of all the boys hanging from Nooses.



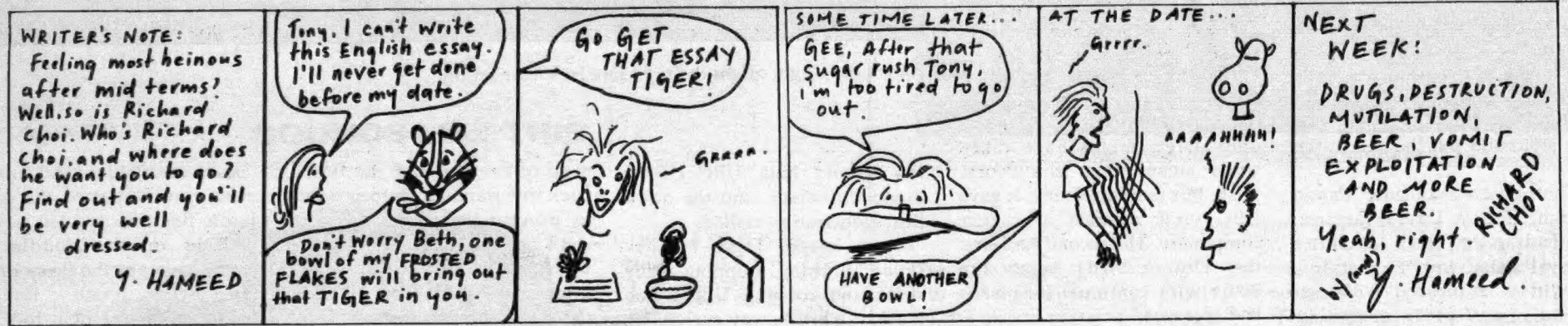
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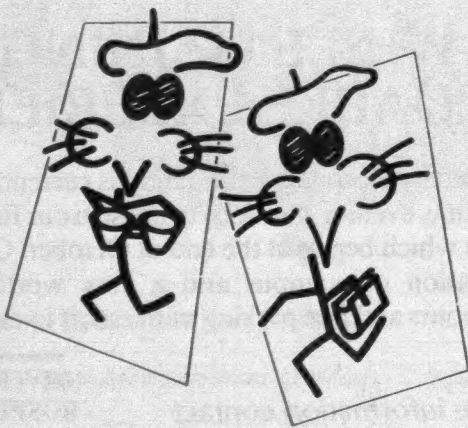
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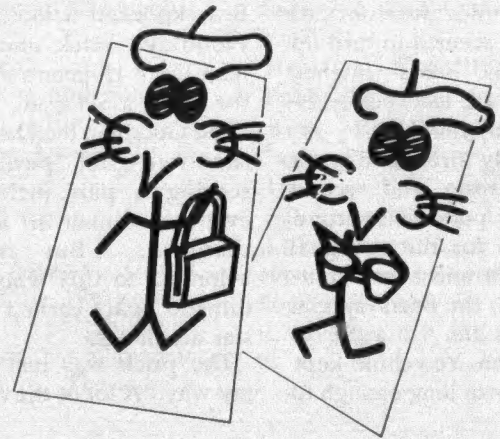
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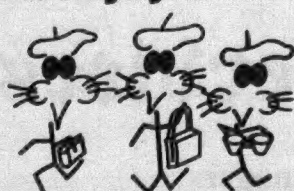


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## Classifieds

### For Rent

Rent-a-Computer. Student Discounts — 421-9748.

St. Joseph's College has room and board available on campus for male university students. 492-7681.

Large 2 bdrm basement suite near Southgate. \$365 includes utilities, w/d. Parking and plug-in available. Non-smoker, no pets or children. 436-4299.

Southgate furnished room, fridge, microwave, laundry, bus line. \$220/mth. Phone Jackie 435-5147.

Shared four plex Mill Creek. Rent \$170. Female to share with 2 others. 431-1066.

### For Sale

For sale: complete beer making kit - \$60. 15" color TV - \$150. Phone 433-3876. Located on campus.

Black ebony Yamaha piano. Classy, apartment sized, upright. Phone 439-9621 or 478-7851.

2 tickets to Vancouver, \$500.00 Call 488-6679 for more information.

30MB hard disk, for use in IBM PC/XT/ATs and compatibles. \$275.00 obo. Free installation. Call Todd evngs. 454-6640.

2 door '79 Chevette, good condition. Automatic. \$1000. Phone 439-1405.

Weight bench with 195 lb weights - \$150. Electric typewriter w/stand and 7 ribbons - \$150. Kirby vacuum w/attachments - \$200. 2 pc. sectional sofa - \$250. Walnut stained bookcase/TV stand - \$10. Phone 439-4650.

### Lost/Found

FOUND: a watch with inscription: with love Megan. Description needed to claim. Campus Security 492-5252.

### Wanted

WANTED: Brewmasters & Vinters who want to make high quality, low priced beer and wine. Come to the BREW CREW, 10546 - Whyte Ave & 10632 - 124 St.

Avanti Hair needs hair models. For a free haircut call 482-2396.

We presently have openings for part-time positions at our Service Centre. Warehouse loaders/unloaders, midnight till 8:00 am shift. Apply in person at: Sears Service Centre, 14525 - 112 Ave.

\*Managers\* College Services is looking for individuals to manage the painting division in Edmonton. Salary plus bonuses. Apply at 4th SUB or call 438-5535.

Now hiring part-time janitorial positions. \$6-7/hr. flex schedules. 4 positions available. 10-20 hours per week. South side locations. Contact Don Ryl at 429-2027. College Maintenance 10211 - 105 St.

\*Summer Jobs\* College services painting managers information session, Thurs Nov 1, 4:00 pm CAB 281.

Earn spending money for Christmas, while gaining valuable experience, the University Hospitals Foundation is currently recruiting for part-time evening positions at the end of October. Good pay, great location on campus and a very worthy cause. Flexible hours free parking and escort to car/bus stop. For more information call 492-4302 during business hours, 492-4350 after hours.

Be your own boss! I need aggressive determined, self-motivated, energetic people to work a few hours on your own time. If you are interested in an "Opportunity of a Lifetime" then call now for information! 439-2163.

Wanted: 2 tickets to Blue Rodeo. Call James 456-3744.

Fort Edmonton Park Food Services requires mature full and part-time banquet & kitchen staff to start immediately. Phone Diane at 434-1800.

Millwoods out of school requires part-time childcare worker Mon - Fri. Will split days between 2 students. Education or Special Needs an asset. Call 461-0981 or 463-1908.

Wanted: research assistant with background in history and/or literature. Ten to 15 hrs/week. Must have car. Call Ken 481-3809.

Security person required for Fri/Sat evening patrol prevention at College Plaza. Leave resume or pickup application at lobby desk (8215 - 112 St) after 4 pm. \$6.80/hr. 433-8193 after 4 pm for information.

WANTED: Psych students who need mood enhancers. Come to the BREW CREW, 10546 - Whyte Ave & 10632 - 124 St.

P/T out of school care worker. Mon, Wed, Fri - 11:30 am - 6 pm. Call Judy @ 463-2004. Tutors required all subjects. IB M&R 986-2205, 482-0067, FAX 986-8124.

Incredibly success. Environmental business is booming! 5 key people (part time) required immediately. Qualifications: honest, ambitious, reliable & working on a University degree. Compensation: \$1,000/month attainable. Call: 451-6324 or send resume to Enviro - Clean Company; 11057 - 146 St.; Edmonton, Alberta; T5N 3B4.

Pollutors don't stop in winter. Neither does Greenpeace. Work 2:30 - 10:30, 2-5 days per week to save the environment. Ph. Melody 12 - 2:30 at 439-3050.

Learn to manage people and run your own business while earning big \$ next summer. Call Andrew or Mark ASAP (604) 298-7429.

WANTED: Friends of Dionysus and lovers of great beer. Come to the BREW CREW, 10546 - Whyte Ave. & 10632 - 124 St.

### Services

Marlene's Typing. Meadowlark area. Reasonable rates. Phone Marlene at 484-8864.

All of your wordprocessing needs professionally done. Reasonable rates, fast service, laser printer. Call Sharon at 487-9617.

Sandi's word processing - theses, papers, transcriptions. Reasonable rates, southside. 437-7058.

Word processing, graphics, overhead transparencies all laser printed, spellchecked and proofread. Fast, accurate, professional results. Student discount. Regular & extended hours, 7 days a week. Central Edmonton. Linda 453-1136.

The Electronic Inkpot: accurate, proofread wordprocessing. APA formatting available. 466-6510.

Professional typist — word processing. 24 hour turn-around service most papers. Gwen, 467-9064.

Word processing, near Bonnie Doon. \$1.50/page. Hanna 469-7214.

Professional typing for students and nurses (APA). \$1.25 pg and up. No business persons or doctors. Wilma 453-6804.

Will do wordprocessing, typing, pickup & delivery, excellent work. 487-3040.

Word processing/computer services, laser printer, outstanding typist, 14 years/U of A students/200+ theses, excellent command of english, 433-1161.

Experienced secretary available for excellent typing, spell-check and syntax. Pickup & delivery. 439-5526.

Professional accurate typing. \$1.75/page. Call Sherri at 475-9396. Leave a message.

Word processing, desk top publishing, type reports, papers, thesis. Joanne Norbert. 467-3685.

Sherwood Park legal secretary - laser printer - \$1.50/page/double - fast. 922-6394.

Rooms for meetings and social functions. Capacity 40 people. 474-8445 Edmonton Immigrant Services Association.

Experienced college tutor. English, writing skills, manuscript editing, reasonable rates. Phone 453-2738.

Word processing service for students. \$2/page for 24 hour service. Get your act together & give me a week's notice at \$1/page. Will also do thesis work. Northwest - call Wendy 455-7868.

Student Air Charter Services, anywhere any time at student rates, 488-6556.

You provide the content - I'll provide correctness! Retired English teacher will word process and edit papers, theses, dissertations. Experienced with APA style. Quick turnaround. Call 433-4175.

Typing/wordprocessing services available at reasonable rates. Phone Debra Gordon at 464-6530.

Word processing/typing. Southside. \$1.50/ds page. P&D available. Barb 462-8930.

Word processing. Reasonable rates. Term papers, resumes, theses, etc. Joan 465-2612.

### Personals

Crisis Line. Do you need help? Are you in trouble? Call Telecare - a telephone hotline @426-5159. 4 pm - 12 midnight, 7 days a week. Free Confidential Listening.

Pregnant and Distressed? Free confidential help/pregnancy tests. Campus Birthright 492-2115. Rm 030W SUB Mon & Wed. 10 am - 2 pm Tues & Thurs. 11 am - 12 pm.

If you have a problem with food, we can help. Overeaters Anonymous SUB (Main Floor) Rm 158A. Wednesday 1:00 pm.

Herbert D. Langley. Have you seen this man? (Nov 3)

Attention Mamie Hail: Happy Birthday you big dummy! Your pals in Topsoil: Hamie, Tsunami, Upchuck, Yakky & Evil Rain.

## Footnotes

Extra! Sessions of Library Skills I classes have been scheduled: October 18 - 11:00; October 31 - 2:00; November 5 - 2:00. Where? 1-20F Cameron.

Write for our Nov. Gateway supplement! all contributions welcome at Box 153 SUB or bring them to our meetings.

MOOSE Club: MOOSE periodical is now available. Come by 030V SUB anytime to pick up a copy.

OCTOBER 30 Food Science Club: meeting Oct 30, 5 pm AG/For 2-37.

Reform Party Students Society: general meeting. Very important, concerns Preston Mannings forum. Please attend. 034 SUB at 3:30 pm.

Lutheran Student Movement: \$2.50 supper at 6 pm in the Lutheran Student Centre 11122 - 86 ave. After supper topic: Halloween party. Everyone welcome.

Ceres Women's Fraternity: careers night with speaker Elaine Jelinski at Faculty Club. Tickets \$22. Laurie 461-9772.

GALOC: discussion group, Lesbian issues, 5 pm Athabasca Hall, Heritage Lounge.

OCTOBER 31 Campus Rec: womens intramural ice hockey @ varsity arena. Starts Nov 5. Entry deadline: 1 pm, Oct 31 Aat Gold Office.

Lutheran Student Movement: Noon "Luther's Table Talk" in the Meditation Room 158A SUB. We are using the Gospel of Mark as the starting point for our discussions. Bring a Lunch and Munch with Luther's friends. Everyone welcome.

AFFECT: general meeting. Room 606 SUB at 5 pm on Oct 31. Come find out about EAW (Environment Action Week).

NOVEMBER 1 U of A Pro Choice: 5 pm coffeehouse in Heritage Lounge. See films showing both sides of the story. Tickets at the door.

Red-necks on Campus: having a stag and tagette. Come out to SUB 030s for more details. Also raising money for charities from 9 am to 1 pm in Tory Atrium.

Circle K Int'l: so you don't want to join the armed forces? Try CKI. Nov 1, 5:30 pm, 034 SUB.

Lutheran Campus Ministry: Mid-week discussion & Eucharist. 7:30 pm Lutheran Student Centre 11122 - 86 ave. Social time after worship. Everyone welcome.

NOVEMBER 2 Scuba Club: WEM dive this Friday. Contact us in 620 SUB if interested in going.

NOVEMBER 3 U of A Women's Hockey Club: play the Chimos. 7:45 pm Varsity Arena.

U of A Trotskyist League (formerly U of A Socialist Challenge): Forum/Social: on the 73 anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution - for the communism of Lenin & Trotsky! Speakers to address the significance of the Russian question to prospects of World Revolution. 7:30 pm, Rm 034 SUB. Info: 436-5105.

U of A Rowing Club: attention all rowers. Rookie party Nov 3. See our office for details.

Malaysian - Singaporean Students' Assoc: Halloween party @ L'Express, 8 pm, Nov 3. For tickets please call Catherine: 439-8914; Yin 432-0553.

NOVEMBER 4 Lutheran Campus Ministry: 7:30 pm All Saints Eucharist Service at St. Joseph's College Chapel. Everyone welcome. Social time after worship.

NOVEMBER 5 U of A Pro Life: animated, insightful discussion defending life. Be cool, not fooled. Rm 1-7 HC, 4 pm. Everyone welcome.

NOVEMBER 6 Animation & Cartooning: Meeting in SUB 032 at 6 pm. All welcome.

NOVEMBER 7 English Club: Find out about our monthly journal. General meeting and writing seminar to follow. 4 pm HC 4-29.

NOVEMBER 8 German Students' Assoc: German/Scandinavian club beer and pretzel film night. 5 pm Tory 1414.

NOVEMBER 9 Reform Party Students Society: Preston Manning, leader of the Reform Party. Come to open forum 3 pm TL-11.

NOVEMBER 10 U of A Women's Hockey Club: play the Sherwood Park Shooters. 7:45 pm Varsity Arena.

## Generals

Baptist Student Ministries: "Focus" every Mon at 5 pm in 169 HUB. A time to sing songs, worship, discuss issues, etc. Everyone welcome.

Baptist Student Ministries: "Good News Travels Fast" a bible study about sharing our faith. Every Wed, 10 am 169 HUB.

U of A Women's Collective: Drop in to our office. Hours: 12 - 3 pm, SUB 050.

Lesbians on Campus: office hours 12 - 2 pm MTRF. Coffeehouse drop-in every Mon night 5-8 pm 030N SUB. New phone # 492-7528.

U of A Pro Choice: Your body is a battleground - don't lose the right to choose. We want you to become involved.

Lutheran Fellowship (LCC): mid-week meeting, Wed. 6:30 pm, Inter-faith Chapel (HUB). More info: 473-7022.

U of A Student Liberal Club: come drop by our office. Hours: 2-4 Mon - Thur. 12-2 Fri.

Anglican Chaplaincy: Eucharist Thursdays, 8:30 am Meditation Room SUB 158A.

Campus Advent: Office in SUB bsmt. W-030. Variety of weekly activities posted on door. Come join us.

Keep-fit Yoga Club: offering classes throughout the year. Info: Carol 471-2989 evenings.

U of A ND: executive meetings every Thurs 4:30 pm 606 SUB. All ND activists welcome.

Debate Club: meets every Wed 5 pm 2-42 Humanities. New members welcome.

U of A Scandinavian Club: language tables. Swedish 10 am Wed; Norwegian 1 pm Wed - Arts 312.

U of A Wado-Kai Karate Club: Beginners classes, 5:30 - 7:30 pm, Mon, Fri in W1-14, Wed in SUB basement.

Enjoy the hobby of Yo-Yo-ing? Want to co-organize a club? Call Curtis 457-7557 evenings.

U of A Chess Club: Meets in L'Express overflow SUB each Wed 4-6 pm or come by room 030D SUB.

Campus Birthright: Support group for pregnant women. Call Campus Birthright 492-2115 or Bernice 455-1943.

Alpine Racing Club: Dry land training every Mon and Wed at 5 pm until end of Nov. Meet at Green Off. in P.E. bldg.

United Church Campus Ministry: "Jesus and the New Age", begins Wed Sept 19, 12:15 pm, Rm 158A SUB.

Mature Undergrad and Graduate Students (MUGS): Drop-in coffeklatsch 10 - 2 pm. Heritage Lounge Athabasca Hall Mon - Thurs. \$10 membership. Bring lunch, coffee supplied.

Entrepreneur Club: be your own boss. Join the Entrepreneur club, Room 3-02 Business, 492-5036.

United Church Campus Ministry: "God Talk" study, begins Fri Sept 21, 12:15 pm, room 158A SUB.

United Church Campus Ministry: United Church Worship, begins Wed Sept 12, 8:15 am, St. Stephen's college.

Society for Creative Anachronism: we recreate medieval life "as it should have been". Wed 8 pm 034 SUB or call Will 433-6856.

United Church Campus Ministry: Ecumenical Eucharist (Lutheran, Anglican, United), Tues noon hour, room 158A SUB.

United Church Campus Ministry: simply making it through the week, meditation, contemplative prayer, and spiritual growth. Begins Mon Sept 10, 12:15 pm Garneau United Church.

U of A Star Trek Club: Borgs! Kirk! Frontiers! Poker! Cheers! Gumballs! Darts! Women! Spandex! Flintstones! Nachos! Order! Chaos! 6-20 SUB.

Karate-Do Goju Kai Campus Club: Beginners always welcome. 5-7 pm, Tues in SUB rec room, Thurs in Dinwoodie.

U of A Bridge Club: meet every Fri, 7-11 pm, TB-65. Ph. Kun 492-1119 for info.

U of A Musicians Club: now accepting new members. All musical interests welcome. Call 464-7383 for info.

Math Sciences Society: activities and social opportunities for students in the Mathematical Sciences. For info, visit CAB 549 or call us at 492-3612.

Tae Kwon Do Club: beginners, men & women, all ages! 6:30 - 9 pm Mon & Fri in SUB bsmt, Wed in E-19 Phys-ed bldg. Ph: 433-2224.

Dead Comp. Sci. Society (DCS): Thurs, 3:30 pm, GSB 702

# Come Join Us

## Halloween Night

### Live Entertainment:

## "The Swingin' Ya" Band



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